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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



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THE U. S. CRUISER BROOKLYN

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE
AND CURRENT EVENTS

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ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

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NEW YORK JULY FIFTEENTH 1899

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE ART DEPARTMENT announces a series of Drawings of unusual interest by the artist THURE DE THULSTRUP, which will be reproduced in COLLIER'S WEEKLY in single and double-page form.

THE ART DIRECTOR.

WHERE SHALL WE LOOK FOR COALING
STATIONS IN THE FUTURE?

EVEN THE WAR with Spain, in which, within about two months, we acquired complete predominance of the sea, brought home to us the conviction that, in this age of steam, we cannot hope to carry on a maritime contest successfully against a power approximately equal unless we possess coaling stations widely and conveniently distributed. As things are now, our ships of war can easily traverse the Pacific between San Francisco and Manila, because we own ports for coaling and repair at Honolulu and Guam. Even on the much longer voyage from San Francisco to Australia or New Zealand, we shall have, whenever we see fit to equip it with the needful stores, a midway stopping-place at the harbor of Pago-Pago in the Samoan Archipelago. Let us suppose, however, that a hostile power happened to be temporarily dominant in the Pacific; how, then, should we be able to convoy reinforcements to our new possessions in the Philippines? Evidently, only by way of the Suez Canal, or the more circuitous passage around the Cape of Good Hope. On neither of these routes have we, at present, a single coaling station; consequently, our ships of war could only secure the indispensable supplies of coal from colliers, and would have to accommodate their speed to that of those slow-going vessels. If, by any chance, the colliers were lost, our warships would be reduced to impotence. This is, obviously, a state of things which should not be permitted to last. Our diplomatists should see to it that the shortcoming is made good before we find ourselves involved in another war against a combatant more formidable than Spain. We ought to have at least two stations for coaling and repair on the Suez route to the Philippines, and these it is by no means impossible to secure. Indeed, had the war with Spain continued, we should be now, doubtless, the owners of the Canaries on the west coast of Africa, of Ceuta on the southern side of the Straits of Gibraltar, and probably, also, of Minorca, the most desirable of the Balearic Isles from a military and a naval point of view. That chance we missed, but it should be still possible to buy from the Sultan of Morocco a harbor on his Mediterranean coast. There is one, not many miles west of the Algerian frontier, which possesses many advantages, and which is said to have been privately surveyed by French engineers.

Neither is it at all incredible that the Italian Government, which is heartily sick of its Abyssinian adventure, might be prevailed upon to sell us the island port of Massowah, not far from the mouth of the Red Sea. With those two coaling stations, we should be incomparably better qualified to use the Suez route to Manila in time of war than we are now. As for the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, there is scarcely any doubt that, if England were favorable to the project, Portugal could be induced to sell us one of the Cape Verde Islands, together with a port in Angola and another in Mozambique.

We may as well recognize from the outset that, if we are to retain the Philippines, we must not rely on the Pacific alone for communication with our new possessions, but must provide ourselves as quickly as possible with the means of turning other routes to account in time of war.

WHEN WILL CUBA GET HER INDEPENDENCE?

INTELLIGENT OBSERVERS of the situation in Cuba are beginning to ask why the military occupation is prolonged, and why steps are not taken to carry out the promise of Congress that a wholly independent government shall be established in the island. It is obvious that, so long as the present provisional state of things shall continue, the development of Cuba's natural resources will be retarded. There is now no authority in the island qualified to confer railway or other franchises; neither can money be borrowed on account of the island as a whole, or of any of its provinces or municipalities. Under the Spanish régime, the insular revenues were supposed to afford security for a loan of some \$300,000,000. From that burden Cuba was delivered by our treaty with Spain, and nobody doubts that, on the security of her customs duties alone, she could to-morrow, were she independent, contract with the utmost ease a loan of more than \$100,000,000.

It is not surprising that the delay in the preparations required for the creation of an independent government excites suspicion in many Cubans, whom their experience of Spanish perfidy has, not unnaturally, made distrustful.

While we understand the impatience evinced by some Cuban patriots, when they look in vain for measures calculated to give them quickly their promised independence, we can assure them that their apprehensions are unfounded, and that their hopes will be fulfilled by the next Congress, which will meet in about five months from the present date. There never was a nation more absolutely bound to pursue a definite policy than are the United States to give Cuba independence. The pledge to that effect was embodied in a joint resolution passed by immense majorities in both Houses of the Federal Legislature, and signed by the Federal Executive. Even if the President and his Cabinet were secretly desirous of violating that solemn covenant, they would incur the penalties of impeachment, if they did so without previously securing the consent of the legislative branch of the Government. That consent will not be given, as was proved at the last session of the last Congress, wherein, although the Republicans had a large majority in the House of Representatives, the requested permission to confer certain franchises, commended on the plea of immediate necessity, was refused to the War Department. The next House of Representatives has a relatively slender majority, and is, therefore, even less likely to break the engagement entered into by the joint resolution passed in April, 1898, and reaffirmed in the treaty of peace, which, while exacting from Spain an absolute surrender of sovereignty over Cuba, firmly declined to assume that sovereignty on the part of the United States. Whatever, therefore, may be the base inclinations of some political camp-followers, and however tempting a prey Cuba may seem in the eyes of speculators and contractors, they will have to look for the satisfaction of their greed, not to Mr. McKinley's administration, but to the independent government which the next Congress will insist upon establishing in Cuba. If no move in that direction is made by our Executive before next December, the new House of Representatives will scarcely have been organized before a demand will be heard that a census of the adult males in the island shall be immediately taken and a Convention for the purpose of framing a Cuban Constitution shall be soon thereafter convoked. A loyal and punctual compliance with the self-denying ordinance which, on the threshold of the war with Spain, we proclaimed to Cuba and the world, would be compelled by the Democratic party, manœuvring for position in the next Presidential contest, even if it were not certain to find in Republicans like Senator Foraker resolute, outspoken and triumphant advocates.

IRON, CECIL RHODES



HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE CRISIS IN THE TRANSVAAL

THE BRITISH COLONIAL OFFICE, through Sir Alfred Milner, the Queen's High Commissioner to South Africa, has demanded of the South African Republic certain reforms in its method of government which, if granted, would cause the ultimate extinction of the republic. The meeting of Sir Alfred and President Kruger at Bloemfontein several weeks ago, when the differences were to be amicably settled, was without practical results, although the head of the Pretorian government proposed several concessions which, if they had been accepted, might have led to a peaceful solution of the disputed questions. The Transvaal Volksraad has unanimously indorsed President Kruger's action, and has practically determined that no further concessions can be granted to the Uitlander population, which is the cause of the agitation against the government. Neither the High Commissioner nor President Kruger can recede from the positions they have taken without incurring the displeasure of those who depend upon them for a solution of the problem. As England is the aggressor, it remains for her to apply the pressure which will compel the Transvaal to agree to terms or suffer the consequences of a war.

Sir Alfred Milner was despatched to South Africa a short time after the Jameson Raid with the one object of harmonizing the Boer and British elements in the gold fields. His splendid record in Egypt and India had earned for him the favor of the English government, and he was invested with unusual powers in order that his mission in South Africa might have a successful termination. He is the ablest diplomat that has ever represented Great Britain at the Cape, and, instead of being led in all his actions by the Colonial Office, he beats the track which Joseph Chamberlain travels. If Sir Alfred says peace, it will be peace; if he says war, the redcoats of England will march across the South African veldt and plant the British ensign upon the hills of Pretoria. England and South Africa are waiting for the word which Sir Alfred may speak at any moment. The pressure is at hand; the force needs only to be applied.

Ever since the Jameson Raid both the Boers and Uitlanders have realized that a peaceful solution of the differences between the two is possible, but highly improbable. The aristocratic Uitlanders refused to concede anything to the Boer *sans culottes*, and asked for concessions that implied a virtual abandonment of their country to the English, whom they have always detested. The Boers themselves have not been unmindful of the inevitable war with their powerful antagonist, and, not unlike the tiny ant of the African desert, which fortifies its abode against the anticipated attack of wild beasts, have made of their country a veritable arsenal. Probably no inland country in the world is half so well prepared for war at any time as that little government, which can boast of having less than thirty thousand voters. The military preparation has been so enormous that Great Britain has been compelled, according to the Colonial Secretary's statement the other day, to expend \$2,500,000 annually in South Africa in order to keep pace with the Boers. Three years ago, when the Transvaal government learned that the Uitlanders of Johannesburg were planning a revolution, it commenced the military preparations which have ever since continued with unabating rigor. German experts were employed to formulate plans for the defence of the country, and European artillerymen were secured to teach the arts of modern warfare to the men at the head of the Boer army. Several Americans of military training became the instructors in the national military school at Pretoria; and even the women and children became imbued with the necessity of warlike preparation, and learned the use of arms. Several million pounds were annually spent in Europe in the purchase of the armament required by the plans formulated by the experts, and the whole country is on a war footing. Every important strategic position is as impregnable as modern skill and

arms can make it, and every farmer's cottage is supplied with arms and ammunition, so that the volunteer army may be mobilized in a day.

In order to demonstrate the extent to which the military preparation has been carried, it is only necessary to give an account of the defences of Pretoria and Johannesburg, the two principal cities of the country. Pretoria, being the capital, and naturally the chief point of attack by the enemy, has been prepared to resist the onslaught of any number of men, and is in condition to withstand a siege of three years. The city lies in the centre of a square, at each corner of which is a lofty hill surmounted by a strong fort, which commands the valleys and the surrounding country. Each of the four forts has four heavy cannon, four French guns of fifteen miles range, and thirty heavy Gatling guns. Besides this extraordinary protection, the city has fifty light Gatling guns, which can be drawn by mules to any point on the hills where an attack may be made. Three large warehouses are filled with ammunition, and the large armory is packed to the eaves with Mauser, Martini-Henry and Wesley-Richards rifles. Two extensive refrigerators, with a capacity of two thousand oxen each, are ample provision against a siege of many months. Johannesburg has extensive fortifications around it, but the Boers will use them for other purposes than those of self protection. The forts at the Golden City were erected for the purpose of quelling any revolution of the Uitlanders, who are almost entirely the sole inhabitants of the city. As soon as war is declared and the women and children have been removed from the city, Johannesburg will be rent with shot and shell. The Boers have announced their intention of doing this, and the Uitlanders, anticipating it, are already seeking safety in flight, as thousands did before and after the Jameson affair. The mountain passes on the border have been fortified with vast quantities of German and French ordnance and equipped with garrisons of men born or trained in Europe.

But the Pretorian government has made other provisions for war than those enumerated. It has made alliances and friends that will be of equal worth in the event of an attack by England. The Orange Free State, whose existence is as gravely imperilled as that of the Transvaal, will fight hand-in-hand with their neighbors, just as they were prepared to do at the time of the Jameson Raid, when almost every Free State burgher lay armed on the south bank of the Vaal River, awaiting the summons for assistance from the Kruger government. In the event of war the two governments will be as one, and, in anticipation of the struggle of the Boers against the British, the Free State government has been expending almost a million dollars a year in strengthening the country's defences. At the same time that the country is being prepared for war, its government officials are striving hard to prevent a conflict, and are attempting to conciliate the two principals in the strife by suggesting that concessions be made by both. The Free State is not so populous as the Transvaal, and consequently cannot place as many men in the field, but the ten thousand burghers who will answer the call to arms will be an acceptable addition to the Boer forces.

The element of doubt enters into the question of what the Boers and their co-religionists of Cape Colony and Natal will do should war come. The Dutch of Cape Colony are the majority of the population, and, although loyal British subjects under ordinary circumstances, are opposed to English interference in the Transvaal's affairs. Those of Natal, while not so great in numbers, are equally friendly with the Transvaal Boers, and would undoubtedly recall some of their old grievances against the British government as sufficient reason to join the Boers in war. Of such vast importance is the continued loyalty of the Dutch of the two colonies that upon it depends practically the future control of the Cape by the British government. Being in the

majority and almost in supreme control of the local government, the Dutch of Cape Colony are in an excellent position to secede from the empire, as they have already threatened to do, in which event England would be obliged to fight the united population of the whites if she desired to retain control of the country. With this in mind, it is no wonder that Mr. Chamberlain declared that England had reached a critical turning-point in the history of the empire.

The uncertainty of the situation is increased by the doubtful stand which the native races are taking in the dispute. Neither England nor the Boers has the positive assurance of support from any of the tribes, which outnumber the whites as ten to one; but it will not be an unwarranted opinion to place the majority of the native tribes on the side of the Boers. The native races are always eager to be the friends of the paramount power, and England's many defeats in South Africa during recent years have not assisted in gaining for it that prestige. When England enters upon a war with the Transvaal the natives will probably follow the example of the Matabele natives, who rebelled against the English immediately after Jameson and his men were defeated by the Boers, because they believed a conquered nation could offer no resistance. The Boers, having won the last battle, are considered by the natives to be the paramount power, and it is always an easy matter to induce a subjugated people to ally itself with a supposedly powerful one.

The Pretorian government has had an extensive secret service for several years, and this has been of inestimable value in securing the support of the natives as well as the friendship of many whites, both in South Africa and abroad. The several thousand Irishmen in South Africa have been organized into a secret compact, and have been and will continue to be of great value to the Boers. The head of the organization is a man who is one of President Kruger's best friends, and his lieutenants are to-day working even as far away as New York. The sympathy of the majority of the Americans in the Transvaal is with the Boer cause, and, although the American consul-general at Cape Town, Colonel Stowe, has cautioned them to remain neutral, they will not stand idly by and watch the defeat of a cause which they believe to be as just as that for which our forefathers fought at Bunker Hill and Lexington.

The British force in South Africa is comparatively small, but it would require less than a month to transport one hundred thousand trained soldiers from India and England and place them on the scene of action. In all parts of the empire the call has gone forth, and as soon as Sir Alfred Milner decides that the time for the application of pressure to his demands has arrived the troops will start for Cape Town and Durban.

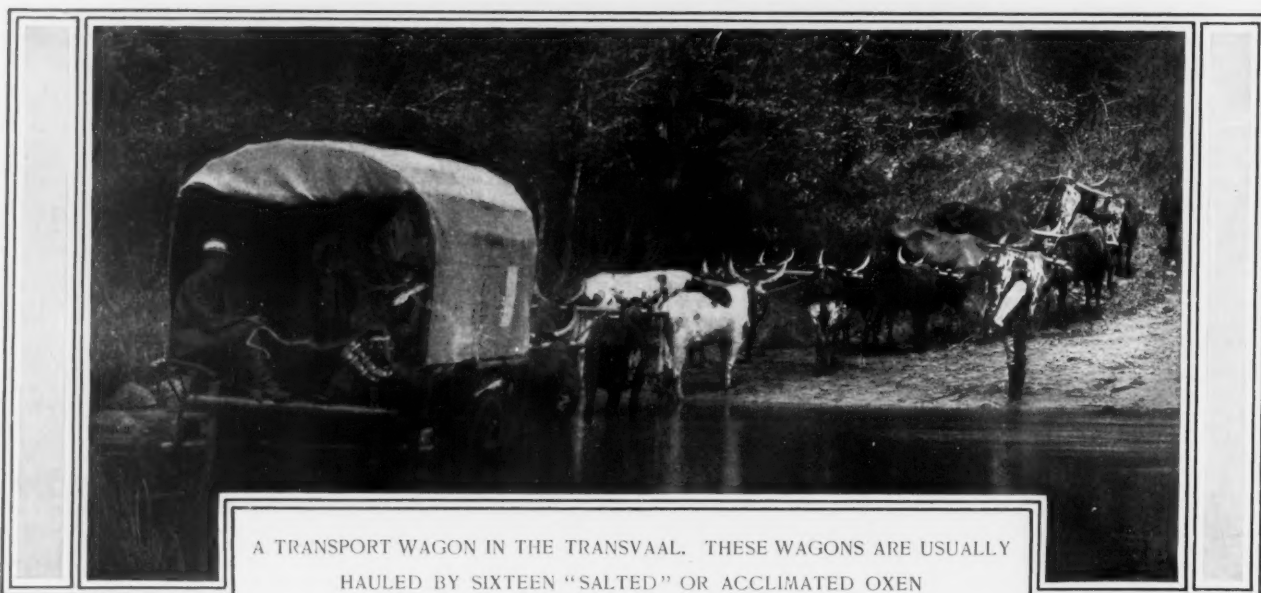
The true situation will then be revealed, and the British government will then know whether its enemy is the weak Boer republic or the entire white and black population of South Africa. Whichever enemy it will be, the British government will attack, and will pursue in no half-hearted or half-prepared manner, as it has done in previous campaigns in the country. The Boers will be able to resist and prolong the campaign to eight months or a year, but they will finally be obliterated from among the nations of the earth. It will cost the British empire much treasure and many lives, but it will satisfy those who caused it—the politicians and speculators, who have always been the bane of South Africa.

Great Britain faces a knotty proposition. The marauding savage tribes of South Africa have celebrated in song and tradition the tenacity of the Boers. The Zulus reversed the old formula concerning Englishmen, Frenchmen and Dutchmen. It is fair to presume that in the event of war Great Britain will not only find that she has a hard nut to crack, but also that her work is cut out for her in the cracking.

HOWARD C. HILLEGAS.



ON THE FRONTIER OF THE TRANSVAAL—WHERE THE ENGLISH AND THE BOERS FOUGHT TWO BATTLES



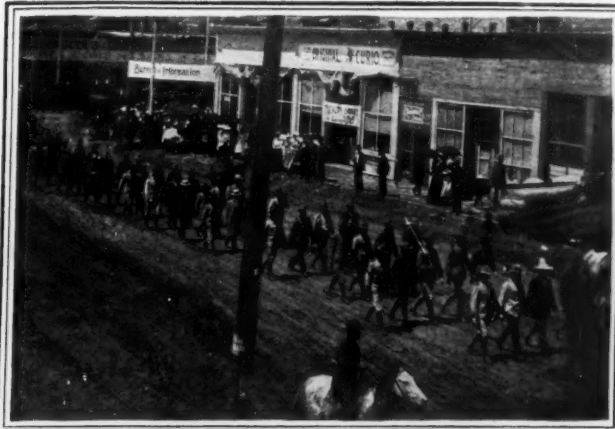
A TRANSPORT WAGON IN THE TRANSVAAL. THESE WAGONS ARE USUALLY
HAULED BY SIXTEEN "SALTED" OR ACCLIMATED OXEN



SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG STREETS—ZULUS WITH 'RICKSHAWS

THE CRISIS IN THE TRANSVAAL

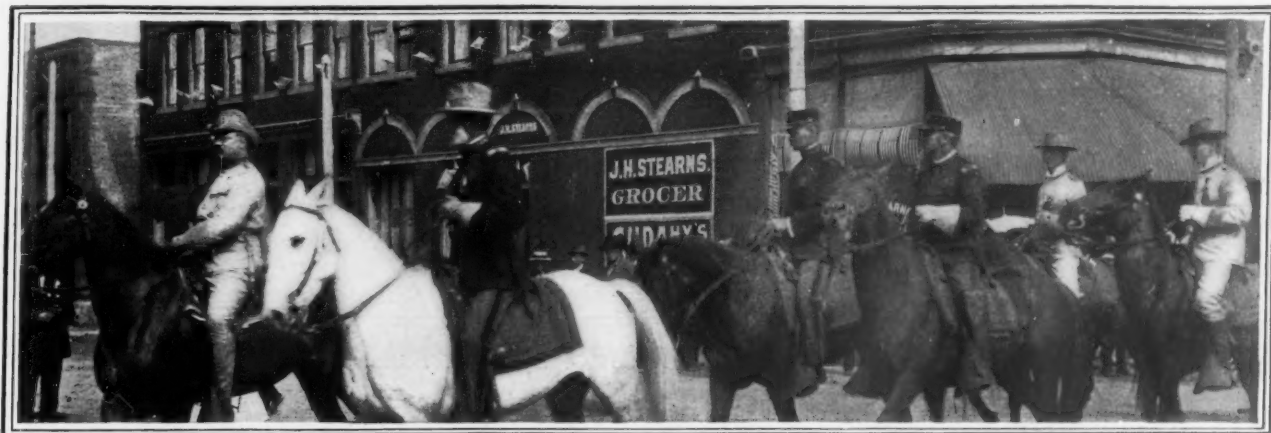
(See page 3)



ASSEMBLING THE PROCESSION OF ROUGH RIDERS



WAITING FOR COLONEL ROOSEVELT



COL. ROOSEVELT, LIEUT.-COL. BRODIE AND STAFF OFFICERS LEADING THE PROCESSION OF ROUGH RIDERS



LIEUT.-COL. BRODIE RIDING A BUCKING BRONCHO



"SECURELY TIED." A STEER THROWN AND TIED BY LIEUT.-COL. BRODIE IN THE ROPING GAMES
THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LAS VEGAS, N. M.

(See page 16)



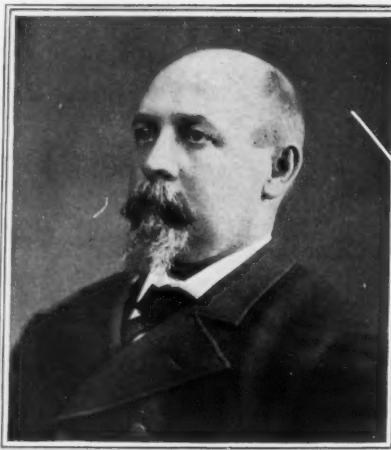
WITH OUR ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES—AN OUTPOST OF AMERICAN TROOPS, SUBURBS OF MANILA

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

MR. JOHN BARRETT'S charges that the Filipinos have been incited to continue their war by the sympathy of the Bostonian and other anti-Imperialists have been strengthened by recent statements made by General Otis. The Filipinos apparently do not realize that, however warmly certain groups of Americans may sympathize with them, the American government is committed to the war and will pursue it till a conclusion is reached either by conquest or compromise. In the interests of humanity it is only fair to hope that compromise will prevail. The anti-Imperialists in the East would show much more shrewdness if, instead of wasting time and energy by denouncing the war, they would follow the policy of some of their sympathizers in the Western press by endeavoring to bring about an understanding between our government and Aguinaldo, who, according to so well informed and so ardent an Imperialist as Mr. Barrett, is an intelligent, if misguided, young man. The clearest statement regarding the Philippine situation has come from Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, the well-known educator, who, from a residence in the islands, has acquired a broad knowledge of affairs there. "Aguinaldo and his voluntary following," he says, "represented at the commencement of hostilities less than one-tenth of the territory of the Philippine Islands, and never had even nominal control over two-sevenths. The people of the other nine-tenths of the territory were opposed to him and his ambitious schemes. Over ninety per cent of the property interests in the one-tenth of territory within the provinces of his Tagalog supporters were opposed to him and his plan of government. They had no faith in his sincerity." Even more important is another statement by Dr. Knapp; it must astonish those Americans who believe that Aguinaldo was grossly deceived by our representatives in the East: "Aguinaldo was a fugitive in Asia, and before he was allowed to return and organize a following he signed a written agreement with the officials of the United States government, consisting of four articles, two of which I recall: First, that he would in all material respects be obedient to the authorities of the United States in the Philippines; secondly, in case the United States elected to hold the Philippines, that he would do all in his power to bring the natives into harmony with this plan. This was stated to me by a prominent official who was present when the agreement was signed."

Poor Lieutenant Hobson! As they say in France, how he must "gnaw his fingers" when he thinks of his kissing exploits! He must feel that he is destined never to hear the last of them. Ever since he disappeared from public view in the remote East, those kisses have kept reverberating. The latest reverberation is the most cruel of all. It comes in the shape of an announcement that a prominent English magazine, read also in this country, is to publish an article in which Professor Lombroso, the celebrated Italian psychologist, will consider the exploits from the purely scientific point of view. Now this is downright cruelty. As a matter of fact, there was nothing scientific in the

matter whatever, as Professor Lombroso would understand if he knew the nature of the gallant Southerner. It was all a question of the first mistake. One enthusiastic girl assailed the lieutenant; he yielded through politeness; others followed; the mischief was done. The burden of responsibility rests on that first young woman. She should be discovered and exposed! Also, Lieutenant Hobson's misadventures show how hard it is to be a hero. On this subject a really pathetic article might be written. On one hand, the hero, if he maintains his reserve and his natural dignity of character, will be accused of conceit; on the other hand, if he is unassuming and responsive, he will be charged with mock-modesty. Governor Roosevelt is a unique and refreshing type of hero. He is not modest by nature, and he doesn't pretend to be modest. He is proud of

CAPTAIN HENRY NICHOLS, U.S.N.,
COMMANDER OF THE MONITOR MONADNOCK. DIED AT
MANILA FROM SUNSTROKE, JUNE 10

his Rough Riders, and he says so, not once only, but whenever he has the chance. On his recent Western trip his frankness delighted his hearers, and sped him well on the road toward the Presidency. As a hero, Governor Roosevelt is one of the greatest successes of his time.

There is a legend touching the return of a feline. It is said that Zola is actually going to tackle the Dreyfus case as a literary subject. This is recrudescence with a vengeance. At last accounts he was to deal with it, not in the form of one of his ponderous novels, but as a play. He is a

little late in the field, for the case has already inspired several dramatists, men, however, of inferior literary calibre. In his own country Zola has had some success with the drama, though his talent is not peculiarly suited to that precise and terse form of literature. His plays, however, have found less favor in the United States. The last of these to be produced here was his extraordinarily powerful study in crime—"Therèse Raquin"—called in translation "Therese"; though well presented by Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew, it had only a success of esteem. The popular interest in the Dreyfus case, however, ought greatly to increase the chances of success in a drama on the subject, particularly as it comes from the man who has done as much as any one to give the accused officer a fair trial. Now, then, if Dreyfus is acquitted, what will happen to him? This is a question that must have occurred to thousands of sympathizers with his sufferings. Can he ever take his place again in the French army? Will any career suited to his acknowledged abilities be opened to him? At present it looks as if he could never again return to his old position. He would always be a marked man. It would seem as if, once proven innocent, the government could never make him a suitable atonement.



For several months now we have been committed to the policy of expansion. We sail the high seas of speculative colonization. So it is not surprising that a few weeks ago the report should have been started regarding the establishment of a new Cabinet office, the Secretaryship of the Colonies, in connection with the name of General Leonard Wood. For such an office General Wood would be an ideal choice. In his brief career in Cuba he has accomplished remarkable changes; he not only has shown energy, originality, and discretion in his work at Santiago, but he has actually made the Cubans respect and like him! What an appeal to the imagination is made by the very title. Whatever else expansion may accomplish, there is no doubt that it is going to broaden our point of view. We never again can be merely local. Moreover, we have every reason to welcome the opportunities for advancement in the colonies, which General Wood, with a simple eloquence, pointed out in his speech at Harvard University. These come at a time when the competition in our life is growing so keen that it is viewed by our social philosophers with considerable solicitude, and when our ambitious youth are eagerly seeking fields of work and achievement that are not already overcrowded.

The aftermath of war has its ignoble episodes. Perhaps the most ignoble resulting from our war with Spain is the controversy between Admiral Schley and one of his subordinate officers over the management of the Brooklyn in the battle of Santiago. In the excitement of the fight did the admiral say the words attributed to him, or did he not? If he did, did he really mean them? Under some conditions, does a man not often say things that don't represent his thought, that betray only impatience? All these questions deepen the mystery,

RAMEL, NON-COM.

ENSIGN DYE

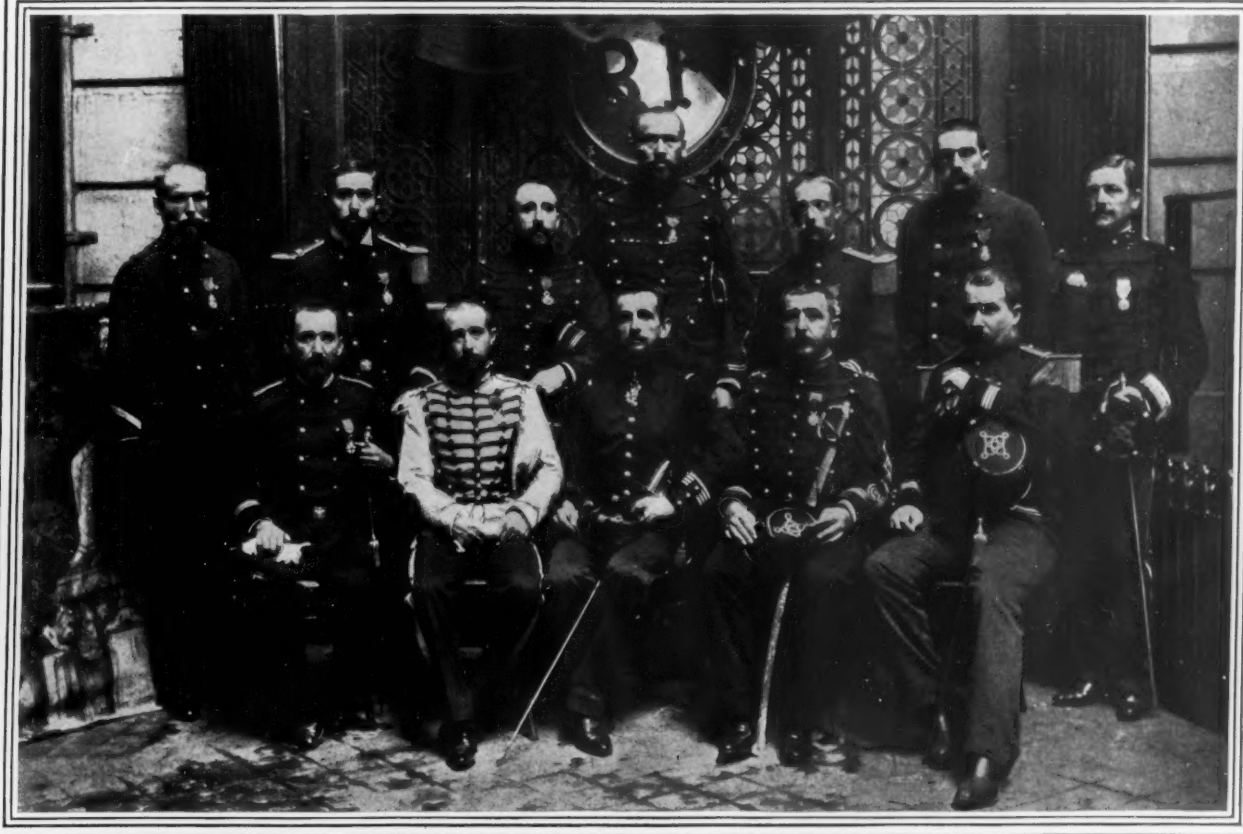
INTERPRETER BALLNOT

LIEUT. BRETON

LIEUT. FOUQUE

VALERY, NON-COM.

DELEGATE OF MARINE MINISTER



SURGEON HERVE

CAPTAIN BARATIER

MAJOR MARCHAND

CAPTAIN GERMAIN

CAPTAIN LARGEAU

MAJOR MARCHAND AND THE OFFICERS WHO ACCOMPANIED HIM ON THE AFRICAN EXPEDITION

and reduce it to one of those quarrels that never can be satisfactorily settled.

There is a certain pathos in the enthusiasm of the French over Major Marchand. It shows how badly off they are for a military idol. Every schoolboy is taught that the French are "noted for their love of military glory," and the world now has a chance to see where it has led them. All this is no reflection on Major Marchand. So far as we can judge of a Frenchman whose operations are conducted in the wilderness, he is an ambitious explorer, inspired by scientific and patriotic motives. If he did not hold his ground when he ran up against the English in Africa, he cannot be held personally to blame. He represented the weaker force, and very wisely, and probably at the order of his superiors, he yielded to the inevitable. If he had not yielded, he might have plunged his country in war at a time when France had all she could do to attend to her troubles at home. It is said that a grateful nation is to offer him a responsible military post in the French colonies in Africa. That will enable him to utilize his executive ability, and it will keep him out of harm's way in Paris. The air of Paris somehow does not agree with military favorites. It gives them large heads.

The Columbia has already proven her quality. There is no doubt that she stands as the highest as well as the latest expression of our skill in shipbuilding. So now we can all breathe freely and look forward to her race with the Shamrock, feeling that we are to be fairly represented. Moreover, as good sportsmen, we must rejoice in the knowledge that in the Shamrock we have a worthy antagonist. Both yachts have given evidence of being very much more than mere racing machines. The Columbia is more staunch than any of our cup-winners in recent years. It has been urged that we have hitherto had a great advantage over our antagonist for the reason that by racing in our own waters we were not obliged to make our boat thoroughly seaworthy. The Shamrock, of course, like her predecessors, had to be constructed with the thought in mind of the longish journey across three thousand miles of ocean. It may be considered significant that the voyage should be made under the escort of a stout steam yacht; but this is merely as a wise precaution. So valuable a piece of property needs protection at the most critical period in her history.

June 29, 1899, will be forever memorable in the history of Harvard University. It marks the date of her greatest triumph over her most formidable adversary, Yale. Moreover, it establishes the fame of two loyal Harvard athletes, who coached the crews to victory—Messrs. J. J. and E. C. Storow. For every Harvard man those names will always have grateful associations; and just at this time there is a gentleman over in England who should be remembered with gratitude, too—Mr. Rudolf Lehmann—who for two years worked

disinterestedly not only to develop a winning Harvard crew, but to encourage in Cambridge the highest and most earnest spirit of sportsmanship. The fact that Mr. Lehmann's crews did not win should not rob him of a share in the present triumph. His influence was distinctly for good, and, in his absence, it has been felt. All lovers of sport, too, must take satisfaction in

the knowledge that the annual boating contest between Harvard and Yale has ceased to be a one-sided affair. The recent defeat of Yale lends a much stronger element of interest to the next meeting of her crews with Harvard.

The Peace Conference at The Hague is not without amusing features. There is humor in the very strife that has accompanied its proceedings. "Let us attend to the serious business of writing a comedy," says the impecunious dramatic author in "Masks and Faces." So the members of the Conference might well remark: "Let us attend to the vexatious business of establishing peace." Of course, the strife has been a very politic and well-bred strife; but it has its influence and its suggestiveness just the same. But no one could have expected that such a conference would not present immense difficulties. Its significance lies in its being held at all, in the fact that the nations of the earth have actually thought it worth while to put their heads together to see if they could not diminish the horrors of war. Even if the Conference finally proves to be barren of material results, as many people think it will, it cannot fail to serve as a step toward the establishment of rational methods of settling international disputes and keeping refractory nations in order.

The most curious feature in the case of the miner recently imprisoned for nearly seventy hours in the Gaylord coal mine at Plymouth, Pa., was his peacefully falling asleep in his tomb as soon as he realized that he was likely to be rescued. It would be different to imagine a more serene nervous system. There were plenty of chances, too, that the miners might not get the poor fellow out alive. When, finally, he did emerge he behaved just as a hero ought to behave—quietly, with less thought of himself than of his distracted mother, who at the moment was at home praying for him. An adventure like that, together with the outbreak of one of the old Kentucky feuds, and the exciting train-robber chase in Wyoming a few weeks ago, makes us realize that we still keep in this country the elements of the dramatic and the picturesque. And yet our foreign visitors will look us over superciliously and declare that we are utterly commercialized and prosaic!

The automobile may now be said to be in the argumentative stage of its existence. It has inspired many enthusiastic advocates, who are doing their best to show that it has come into permanent usefulness. Among the most conspicuous of these are the young couple now on their adventurous journey in an automobile across the continent. If their trip succeeds, it will not prove much that is not pretty generally understood already. But it will give the new vehicle a piquant interest that will greatly help it over the road to popularity.



MAJOR MARCHAND

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON HIS ARRIVAL IN PARIS

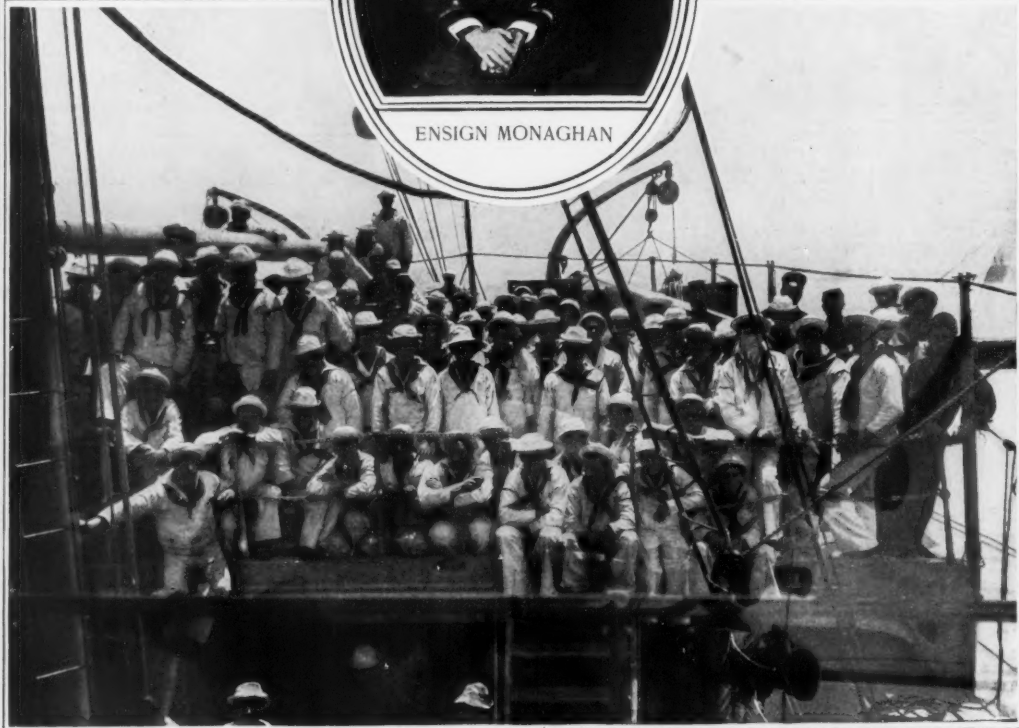
ADMIRAL MILLER ADMIRAL KAUTZ



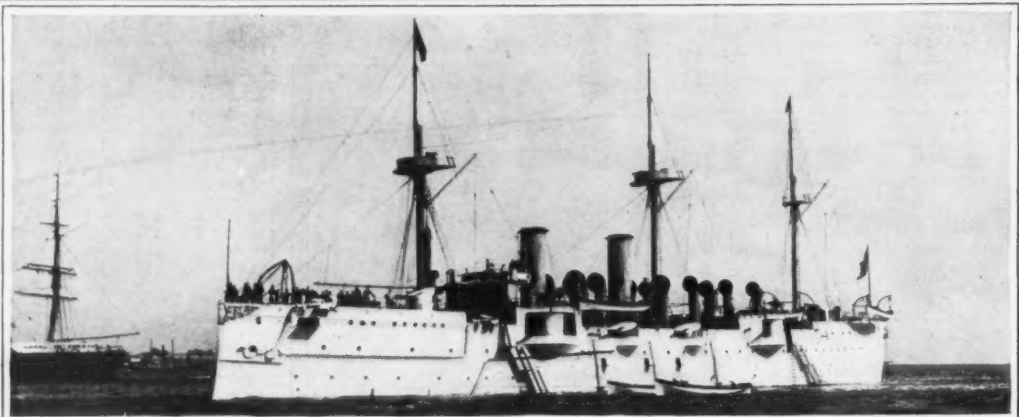
CAPT. WADLEIGH

CAPT. WHITE

ENSIGN MONAGHAN



THE CREW OF THE PHILADELPHIA ON THE FORECASTLE



THE U. S. CRUISER PHILADELPHIA AT SAN FRANCISCO
 THE RETURN OF THE PHILADELPHIA

(See page 16)



THE LATE LIEUT.
LANSDALE



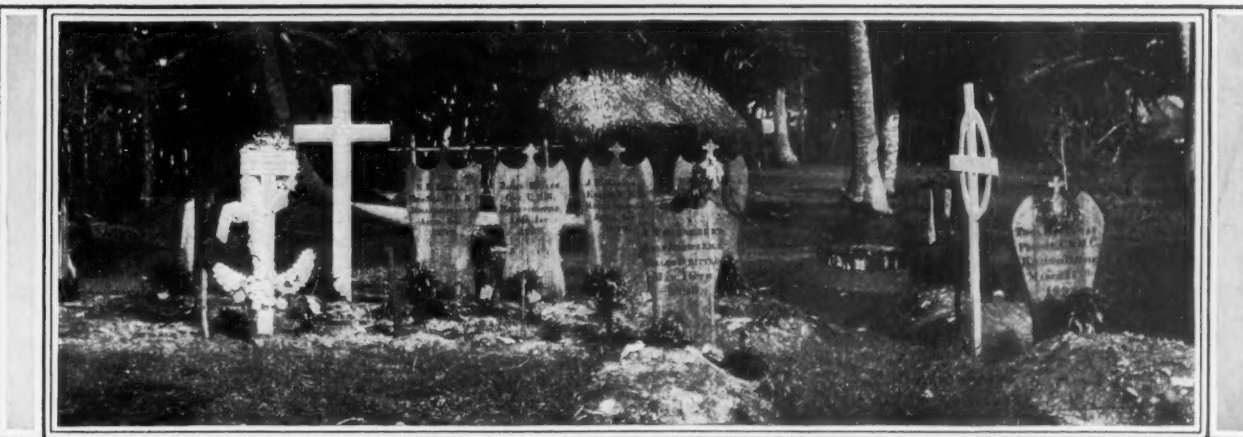
LIEUTENANT LANSDALE'S COFFIN ON THE PHILADELPHIA



THE CLOGGED GUN



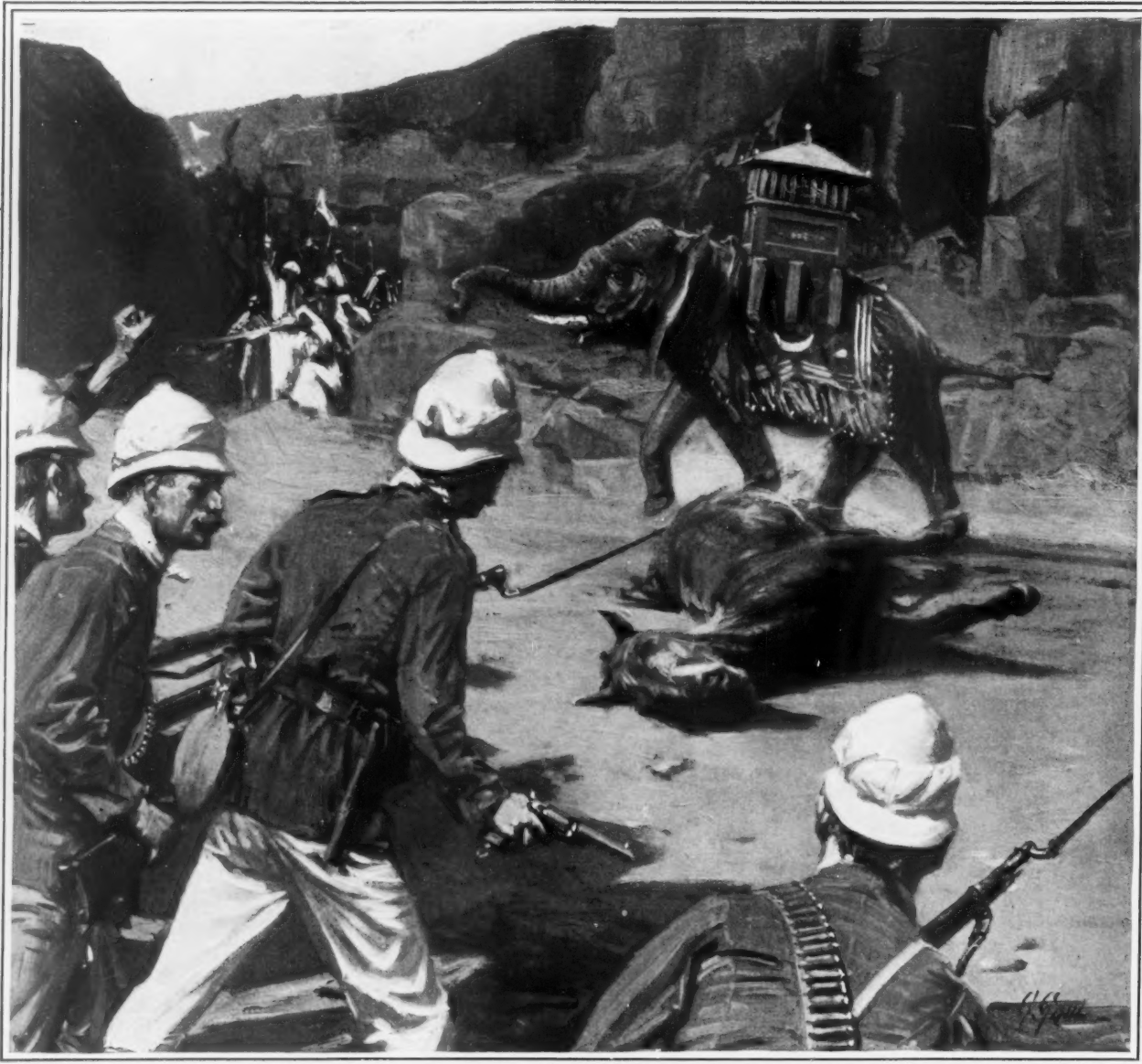
TRANSFERRING LIEUTENANT LANSDALE'S COFFIN TO THE HEARSE



GRAVES OF AMERICAN SAILORS AT MULINU

THE RETURN OF THE PHILADELPHIA

(See page 16)



DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL

HE URGED THE ELEPHANT INTO A SHARP AMBLE ACROSS THE OPEN

THE PART THE PATHAN PLAYED

By HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON

"YONDER'S BEVERLY'S little tyke," said Maxwell Herodin, flicking his riding-whip toward a straight little blue-clad figure crossing the road in front of him.

"You don't mean to say that Beverly has adopted the little heathen?" Mrs. Chilton asked incredulously.

"Exactly."

"What, in Heaven's name, will he do with him?"

"Make a model man of him. Beverly's a stickler for 'honorable pretensions,' and all that sort of thing," Herodin laughed unpleasantly.

"Where did he come across the boy?"

"We found him one night after a skirmish with the Afridi. He showed fight, and the men were for leaving him to follow his vanquished tribesmen, who were fleeing across the ghauts; but Beverly objected on the grounds of cruelty to animals; said he'd make a dainty little tid-bit for a tiger, and so on. Nobody wanted the little tyke, so Beverly did the fine thing and adopted him."

"I wish him all the joy he's likely to get out of a raw pathan. Fancy a bachelor tying himself down to a beggarly heathen!"

"Oh, he's a bright little chap; speaks English like a born Britisher. These Hindoos are polyglots by nature, you know."

"Drive up close; I want to see him."

Rhavenous Nanak heard his name called sharply, and turned to meet Mrs. Chilton's cold, repellent gaze. She deliberately dropped her glove over the back of the glarry and beckoned him to pick it up. Now, Rhavenous's code of behavior was based upon three precepts, which did not include servile obedience to insolent strangers, therefore he did not heed Mrs. Chilton's frown.

"Are you going to do my bidding, stupid?" she asked impatiently.

"No, Memsahib. Rod Sahib would not wish me to serve you, for he does not love you."

Herodin threw back his head and laughed loudly, while Mrs. Chilton stared at the little rebel in dumb astonishment, which melted rapidly into anger.

"Insolent little beggar!" she said severely. "I have a mind to punish you soundly. You may tell Rod Beverly that I said so, if you like."

Rhavenous had been down to the post-office for Beverly's mail, and the unexpected interruption put him off his guard; so he took no notice of the letter that slipped from his grasp and fell face down on the wet road; but Herodin saw it and promptly took possession. It bore the Simla postmark and Colonel Brent's bold chirography.

"I'd give my chance of the Chudpore stakes to read that," he said seriously.

Mrs. Chilton leaned over and drew her handkerchief over the damp face of the letter with a pressure that blurred the address hopelessly. "Are you still afraid?" she asked, laughing scornfully.

She took the letter daintily between thumb and forefinger, opened it deliberately, and dropped the missive on his lap. "Remember, you owe me a good turn at the next handicap," she said lightly.

Herodin put aside his feeble scruples and read it in silence. It was of rather more importance than he believed, for it concerned himself chiefly.

It was brief and telling.

"I want to get down on Friday, but official business looks as if I could not make it. Can you save the hours of four to six for me in case I get off? If not, I'll ask you to answer this as soon after Friday as possible. My business is very urgent, and you are the only man in the world I'd trust. It's about Herodin; I believe Rose loves him. He has asked for her hand and waits my answer; he is a soldier after my own heart, but, as

man to man, I dare not trust him. There's something crooked under the smooth exterior; or, am I prejudiced? You know him better than any of us, better than Rose even; and I depend on your honor to answer me uprightly. Is this proof enough of my confidence in you? You know Rose. She's worthy of the best fellow that ever drew breath. I wish she had chosen differently; but that is neither here nor there. There is nothing I would not do to further her happiness."

Herodin tried to carry off his emotion lightly, but Mrs. Chilton read the trouble in his eyes, and guessed shrewdly that the letter concerned the deepest desire of his heart; and, being a wise woman, she kept silence. There was nothing to do but face the thing squarely. He excused himself abruptly at Mrs. Chilton's gate and took a short cut to Beverly's quarters.

"Either a good angel or an evil chance put this in my way," he began, putting the letter on the table before his host. "The issues will depend upon you. I have no plea for having read it save that it came into my possession open."

He met Beverly's gaze unflinchingly, but certain past offences weighed heavily against him. "Fact is, Beverly," he said, "I depend on your grace for all the happiness I expect in the world."

"That's bad," Beverly answered imperturbably; "my grace is an unknown quality."

He read the letter in silence, with righteous anger at the other man's presumption. He did not for an instant doubt that Herodin was directly responsible for the accident which had placed the letter in his hands. He knew also that Herodin hated him devoutly for spoiling his plans in a certain affair of the past. There was a woman in the case, and she had fared so badly at Herodin's hands that Rod's chivalry had moved him to uphold her cause in the face of adverse circum-

stances; in fine, to get her out of Herodin's power, he had risked more than most men would have dared.

"I need not tell you that everything depends on your charity," he said, breaking boldly in upon the ominous silence. "May I ask of you what my sentence will be?"

"The truth," Rod answered.

"From your standpoint, you mean?"

"Exactly. Remember, Colonel Brent is my friend."

"You could make him mine also. I'm terribly in earnest, Beverly. It is possible that you do not understand the case; there's a rumor that the Brents have no end of money; but that's absolutely untrue, and in either case it would make no difference, but I mention it because you might judge me unfairly to begin with. The truth is I love Rose Brent, and I'd sacrifice anything to win her."

"How often have you sacrificed yourself for the love of women?" Rod asked in fine scorn.

Herodin let the insult pass in his eagerness to gain his point, but he scored it for future reckoning.

"There has never been another woman," he said.

"Not even Madelon Sherwood?"

Herodin flushed darkly, and rose without a word. He strode the length of the room and back before he answered; but he could not wholly disguise the look of hatred in his handsome, evil eyes, and Beverly saw it, and hardened his heart against his entreaty.

"If I could make reparation," he said slowly, meeting Rod's steady gaze with admirable coolness, "would that satisfy you?"

"Would that undo your infamous past?" Rod asked calmly.

"Look here, Beverly, you're a damned sight too saintly for common use. Is your own record so white that you can demand spotless purity in others?"

"Let us waste no words over irrelevant topics," Rod answered. "I think I understand you perfectly. You would take considerable pains to have your record straightened in Brent's eyes, and you wish to cajole me into silence. It is useless to ask it. There is only one alternative. Go to Rose and tell her the story of Madelon Sherwood and let her judge between you; I know Rose perhaps better than you; if she loves you her love will survive even that bitter test. She will not marry you, but she will uphold your better impulses and stand by you always. Do this thing and the letter shall go unanswered."

"And if I do not?"

"I will speak, and not spare you."

"You ask too much," he answered with a ghastly smile of derision. "Can't you see that it is impossible? Why should I bring up that dead past? Women do not overlook such things. You and I are not very good friends, Beverly. I don't know what evil chance put me into your power, but it's the last straw, and I've got to make the most of it. You did me a bad turn once, and I do not love you for it; but I believe you'd do the straight thing by your worst enemy. I'll promise you by all that I hold dear to set up straight from now for Rose's sake; and I'll do it, by Heaven! Do you believe that?"

"How can I believe you in the face of your past treachery? You are a man of evil impulses of whom but one good thing can be said—that you are a loyal soldier."

"On my honor as a soldier, I promise," he added unhesitatingly.

"It's no use, Herodin. Your future concerns yourself only, and possibly Rose. It is of your past that Brent asks, and I must answer according to my light."

"Do you absolutely refuse to serve me?"

"Absolutely. I would run a knife through my friend's body rather than trust him to your mercy. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

"Yes, by Heaven; and you'll rue this day bitterly! I'll give you the straight tip for once, Beverly. Unless you do this thing I'll make rugged lines for you; you know me well enough to believe that I'll keep my word."

"I know that you are equal to any extreme of evil," he answered.

"You understand me, I see. I could have made a fight for honor with that incentive; without it there are no bounds that I would not overstep to gain my end."

His ill-will bore most bitter fruit. Mrs. Chilton took the opportunity to pay off an old score, and she began to hunt up Beverly's record, which, in God's sight, was far cleaner than her own; and between her and Maxwell Herodin the old affair was brought to light in such a manner as to reflect discredit upon him. Not that he cared for their view of the case; but he cared a great deal about Elinor Herodin, and Maxwell knew it, and brought evidence to bear against him with such deadly skill that she had no choice but believe it. Finally she asked Beverly outright for an explanation, which he could not give, since it involved the reputation of the other woman, who was then living quietly in Poona. It was one perfect evening when they rode together in the Hira Bhag. When she had had her say she turned about and rode slowly toward the lake, flecking the purple flower-heads with her whip, and trying to face the tall light with a brave show of courage; but the look in her eyes belied her calm speech.

Beverly followed slowly. "I ask you to believe that if the case concerned myself only I should have told you long ago," he said straightforwardly.

"I ask to know your part of it only."

"That is wholly insignificant; but it touches a woman's honor. More I cannot say."

"You cannot even deny the accusation?" with a quiver of scorn.

"To the accuser, yes. It is my purpose to do so as soon as he gives me the opportunity."

"He is my brother," she began, with a swift, upward glance at his pale face.

"You will understand, therefore, that it is difficult for me to—to give his story the right name."

"You mean that he lied?" with terrible distinctness.

"I mean that I must give him my answer by the same right that a man defends his honor. Meantime I ask your friendship."

"And that is—to believe in you in the face of all accusers, even my brother?"

"It is a great deal to ask, perhaps," he admitted.

She made no answer, but turned her mount out of the bridle-path into the broad, white road leading back to cantonments, and urged him into a sharp canter that brought her out of range of easy conversation. When she spoke again it was of conventional topics; by which Beverly understood that he had lost his case irretrievably.

He bore his defeat manfully in silence. If Elinor felt any compunction she made no sign, and the gulf between them widened and deepened day by day.

Yet Herodin was not satisfied. He began to formulate plans by which he could injure his enemy still more, which he believed could be accomplished through Rhavenah. His opportunity came the day before he went to meet his death on the battlefield. He overtook Rhavenah on his way to the bazaar and hailed him airily.

"Salaam, Rhavenah," he said smoothly, holding out his gloved hand. "Have you heard the news?"

Rhavenah had not heard, but he was most anxious to hear, for he believed what news the "riding Sahib" had to tell must concern horses or, possibly, elephants, which were the secret delight of his heart.

"Tis of your friends the elephants. They have come down in droves from Assam, and one of the herds lack a driver. Do you know of any one who would be pleased to drive elephants?"

Rhavenah's ambitious little heart thrilled with delight; but he choked back his excitement long enough to answer that he wished above all things to drive elephants. "But would the Beverly Sahib permit?"

"Rod Beverly does not care," Herodin answered impressively; "you have been with him long enough—too long, for he is tired of you. I think he would be glad to lose you, for you have cost him many a rupee which would otherwise go to his own kind."

"Did he tell you this?" the child asked searchingly.

"Assuredly. He would not tell you himself, for he has a woman's heart. It is better to leave quietly than to make him hate your company."

"What did he say?" he persisted with dry lips.

"That he would run a sword through your body rather than be troubled with you any longer."

Rhavenah had heard so much of the conversation on that fateful day of Herodin's defeat—"I would run a knife through his body"—which confirmed Herodin's story in his mind. There was, therefore, nothing to do but leave the beloved presence and seek his own fortune as mahout. He looked up at the liar with clear, sorrowful eyes that would have moved a less hardened man to swift repentance; but Herodin saw nothing but his opportunity to harm his enemy.

"Go without delay; it may be that they will take you," Herodin advised.

So Rhavenah set out upon what was to be a very eventful journey not only to himself and two other people, but to the great Administration particularly. At the turn of the bund road he met Miss Herodin driving in her gharry with a strange lady. She looked down on him and smiled.

"Where are you going, Maharaja?" she asked.

"To the bazaar, Sahiba," salaaming deeply; for he recognized the original of a certain image before which Rod offered reverence night and morning. He had made inquiries concerning the "paper goddess," and Rod answered simply that "she was the dearest girl in the world." So he called her the Bibi Sahiba, and worshipped her also.

"Then you shall ride with me," she said, drawing rein and making room beside her. "This is Mr. Beverly's protégé," she said in an undertone to the lady. "I want you to see him. He has the most beautiful eyes in the world."

Rhavenah much preferred to walk, because he feared the Sahiba might delay his plans until the elephants made off; but there was no denying the Bibi, so he climbed over the yellow wheels to the seat between them and looked thoughtfully at the pretty face under the white sunshade, while Madelon Sherwood gazed absently into "the most beautiful eyes in the world," and thought of the man who had befriended her at the risk of his own happiness.

"So you are going to the bazaars," Elinor repeated, giving her pony a little flick with her toy whip. "What would you there?"

"I would see the elephants, Bibi. The riding Sahib told me they were there."

At that name she changed color vividly, but her lips curled in a sunny little smile.

"Who taught you that name?" she asked laughingly.

"Beverly Sahib."

"But how do you know that it is my name?"

"Because it is your image that stands on Rod Sahib's desk; and always, night and morning, he does reverence; and I also. I asked the Sahib concerning it, and he said 'twas the dearest girl in the world.'"

"Oh, little Maharaja, you must not tell any one what the Sahib says, she admonished gently, "for he would not like it."

"Why did he tell me if he did not wish it known?" Rhavenah asked solemnly. "Morning and night he worships at the image, and when I made question he said, 'It is because I love her more than any one else in the world.' This is true, Sahiba."

Miss Herodin was silent, and the other woman said impulsively: "Believe me, there is not a nobler heart in all India. Do not let pride stand between you. Some day I will tell you the story of his heroic sacrifice that saved a woman from untold agony."

Had Rhavenah been older and wiser he could have interpreted Elinor's eloquent silence in his master's

behalf; but since Madelon Sherwood dared not break the silence that shielded her name the issues were left to fate, which deals lingeringly, but always wisely. As she stopped the gharry to let Rhavenah dismount, Miss Herodin took from her corsage a long stemmed English rose and put it in the slender brown hand, saying: "Give this to Rod Sahib, with my love."

"Now, Sahiba?"

"When you return to him."

"It will fade," he protested faintly.

"But my love will not fade," she whispered softly; but Rhavenah heard and remembered. He walked away slowly, and Elinor watched the straight little figure passing hither and thither among the jostling crowds with the nodding rose upheld protectingly. Then she went home to await her answer, which was long delayed.

Rhavenah looked up and down the file of elephants swinging to and fro in their pickets; and having made his choice, put himself before the largest and strongest of all. Tulu Bhavan looked up from his post and shouted, "Go 'way!"

But Rhavenah paid no heed; he waited till the pickets were loosed and every one mounted, then he called shrilly: "Take me up, brother; I am an elephant driver. I must go with you."

Tulu's money-bags were well filled, which made him kindly disposed toward the world at large; therefore he laughed and bade the huge beast lift up the mahout. Thus began Rhavenah's acquaintance with Pahar Hira, the king of elephants. He sat behind the flopping ears, patting the ponderous forehead with his rose-leaf palm until he was tired; then he curled down in the purdah, with the faded rose tucked within the little blue blouse, until the caravan was well under way and the racking of the elephant's gait put him to sleep. When he awoke he was far away from human habitation, in a strange and lonely land.

It was the beginning of a long journey. At Bahwul-pur they stopped outside the palace gates for provisions just as the raja rode forth to hunt, and he looked with covetous eyes at Pahar Hira's great bulk; and the end of it was that he bought him outright, with his mahout's service, for a stipulated period; but when it came to Rhavenah's case he was unwilling to take upon himself an incumbrance. No man knew his history; but Rhavenah gave a straightforward account of himself, and the raja, who was not an evil man, listened with mild toleration. He had a little son of Nanak's age against whom all the wealth of the world was as dross; therefore he laughed at the boy's ambition and gave him a trifling stipend.

"See that no harm comes to him," he said to Tulu Bhavan, and straightforwardly forgot all about him.

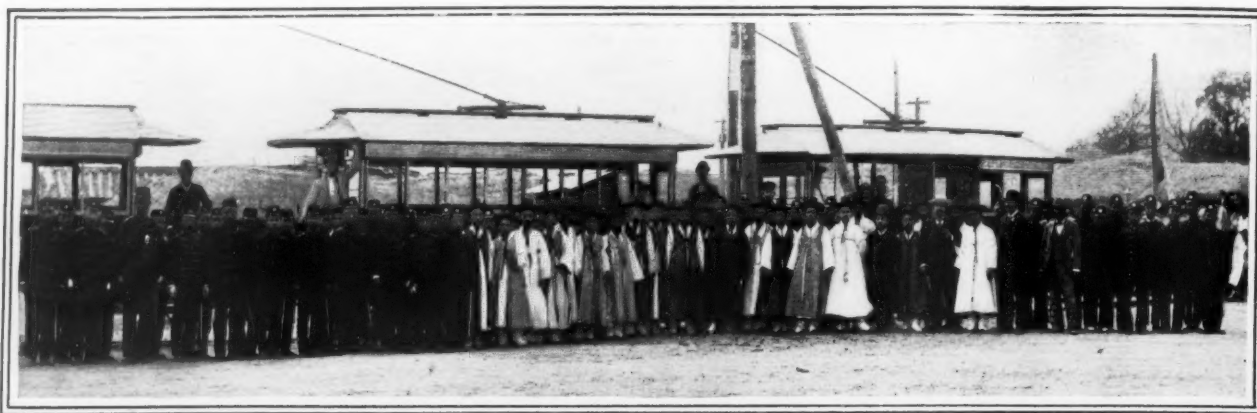
The mahout was not unkind to Rhavenah, but he had no conception of childish wants; he fed him to fulness and clothed him in the colors of the realm which the raja provided, but of the things that lay nearest to the child's heart no one spoke. Even Pahar Hira, who loved the frail little lad with all the devotion possible to an elephant—which means a hundredfold more than the bulk of humankind knows anything about—could not guess the secret that was wearing out the loyal little heart as the long months passed away. In the stilly night, when the heat of the equatorial climate drove men about and about in vain search of breath and coolness, Rhavenah used to go out to the pickets and sleep under the starry sky, always dreaming of Rod. So he grieved in silence, and the great dark eyes grew softer and darker, and the little brown face thinner. Tulu Bhavan said, "It is the heat; when the rains break he will thrive again."

But before the rains broke a thing happened which most people remember very clearly to this day; for it cost many precious lives, and made the fame of more than one gallant officer. It was the second time in his brief life that Rhavenah Nanak went to the wars, but the memory of the first fray faded utterly in the horrors of the last, when men fell maimed and bleeding before his very eyes. He rode behind Rhavan in the service of the raja, for Pahar Hira was a fighter, and feared not anything but the wrath of his mahout; so they ambled on between files of tawny blacks till the time came for action, when Pahar Hira, who knew his business perfectly, pressed to the front, while the raja's men, who joined forces with the Ameer of Afghanistan, picked off the English from the opposing ranks like apples from a tree.

Nanak watched the scintillation of a thousand swords, swaying through the sunlit space, without a tremor; then luck turned, and Bhavan fell head-first over the purdah to the trampled battlefield, followed by his comrade, who dropped to avoid the enemy's fire, and Rhavenah found himself quite alone. His little black thatch hardly reached above the rim of the purdah, but he raised himself and looked through the gilded lattice work, and bade Pahar Hira swing straight through the gap cleared by the enemy's fire to the little knoll, where he could look down at the scarlet coats and pale faces of his opponents.

Suddenly a man dashed to the front on a fiery waler, and when he raised his mighty voice in command, Rhavenah recognized Colonel Brent. He looked eagerly about for Rod, and finally saw him on the left flank of the forward cavalry; and even as he looked he saw a compact line of blacks pouring swiftly, silently, down the gorge between the rocks that shut them by a few furlongs from Rod's company! It coiled into a solid mass behind the impregnable wall and waited for he knew not what, for he was not schooled in the tactics of war; but instinct told him that they meant evil things to the English, therefore to Rod, who stood nearest to the gates of death. Only one thing could be done—to stop them at the pit's mouth, and only Pahar Hira could do that. He urged the elephant into a sharp amble across the open, in the very face of the enemy's fire. Some one called him to stop, but he only urged him the more; and the English, seeing no one,

CABINET MINISTERS AND HIGH OFFICIALS, WITH GUARDS AFTER INSPECTION OF THE "DEVIL CARS"



THE COREANS HAVE NOT TAKEN KINDLY TO THE ELECTRIC CAR. IT IS TO THEM A MACHINATION OF THE DEVIL, FRAUGHT WITH THE MOST HORRIBLE CONSEQUENCES TO THE POPULATION AND THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH IT PASSES. THE NEW ROAD FROM SEOUL TO CHEMULPO WAS OPENED A MONTH AGO. THE NATIVES SWARMED TO SEE THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE "DEVIL CARS"—WAGONS PROPELLED BY A FORCE



THAT WAS NOT HUMAN, AND NOT UNDERSTANDABLE. A COREAN CHILD STRAYED ON THE TRACKS BEFORE THE ON-COMING CAR. ITS LITTLE BODY WAS MANGLED HORRIBLY. THE JAPANESE MOTORMEN AND THE OFFICIALS OF THE AMERICAN FIRM WHICH CONSTRUCTED THE LINE HAD TO FLY FOR THEIR LIVES. THE FIRST ASSAULT OF THE MOB CULMINATED IN A RIOT; TWENTY OF THE RINGLEADERS WERE ARRESTED AND EXECUTED.

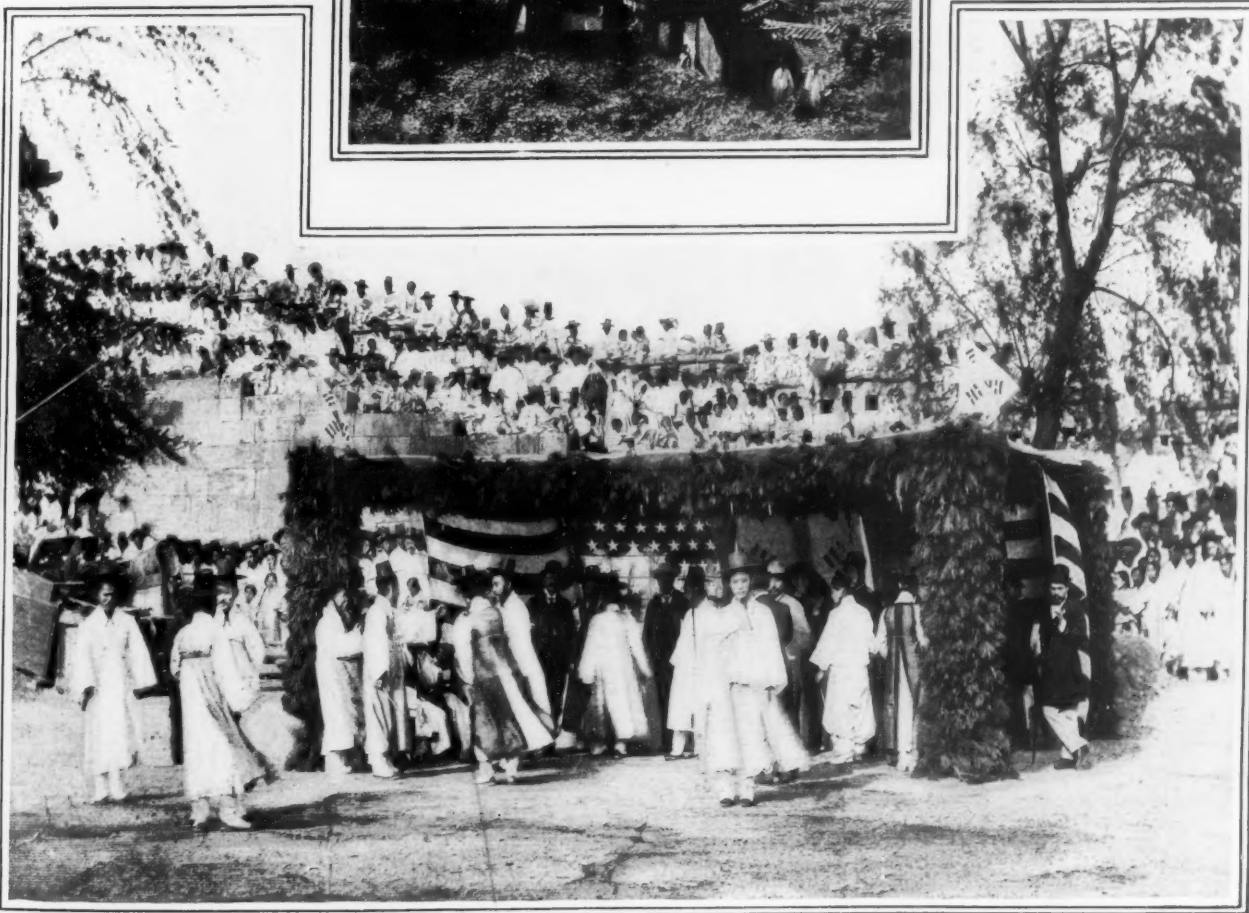
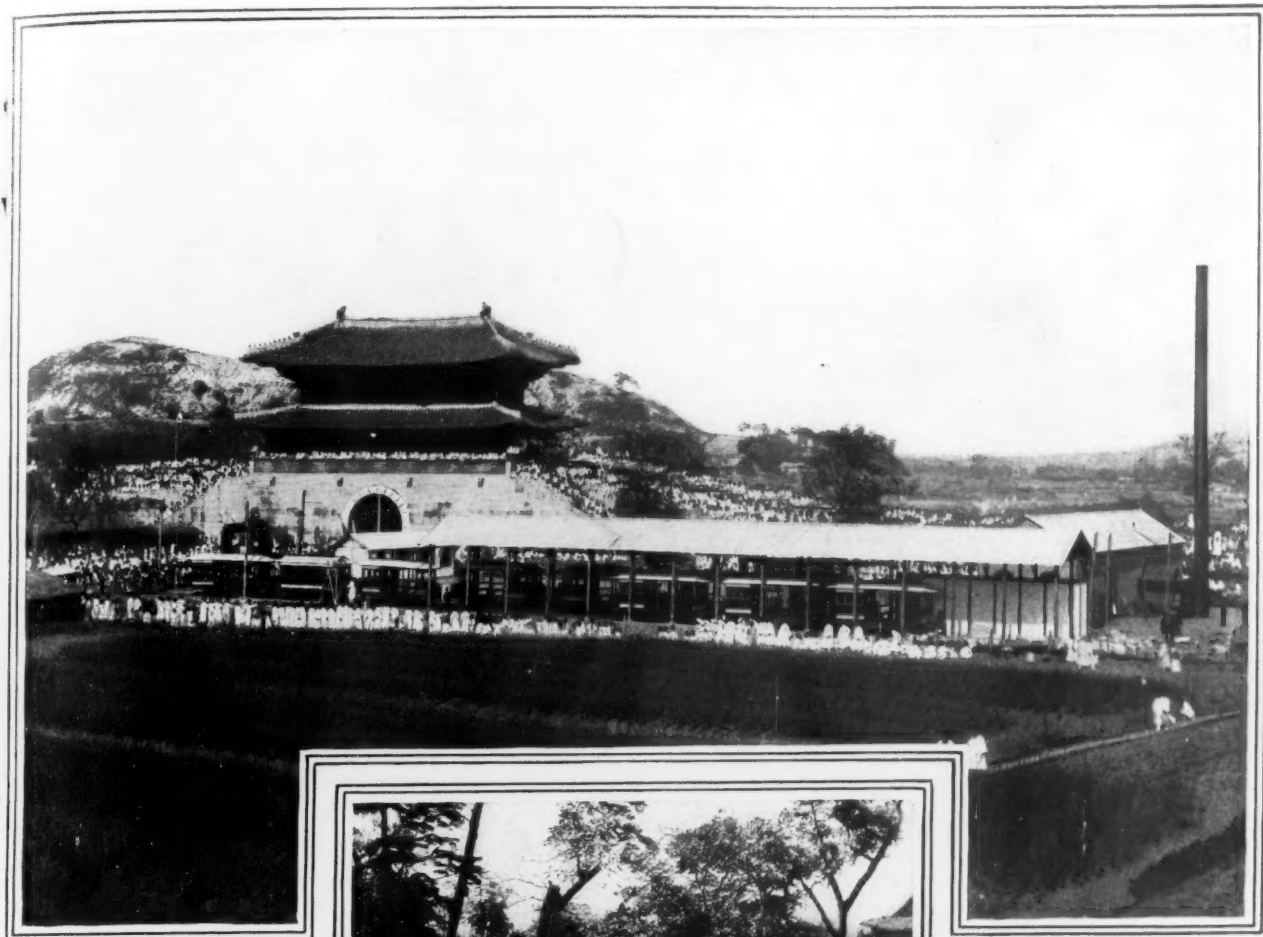


THE EAST GATE, SHOWING CROWDS OF CURIOUS NATIVES DISCUSSING THE "DEVIL CARS"

THE COREAN RIOTS AND

(SEE PAGE 46)

POWER HOUSE AND CAR SHEDS OF THE SEOUL ELECTRIC RY. CO., WHICH OPERATED THE "DEVIL CARS"



SCENE NEAR THE POWER HOUSE—NATIVE WALL IN BACKGROUND COVERED WITH CITIZENS OF SEOUL

AND THE "DEVIL CARS"

(SEE PAGE 10)

but believing it to be some ruse of the wily enemy to get within closer range, aimed a shower of shot at the empty purdah.

Once on level ground, Rhavenah lost sight of the ambushed Afghans, which made him the more anxious to cut off their advance. Suddenly a hot, stinging missile struck his breast like a coal of fire flung from a great distance, which seemed to stop his very life-breath; then another and another, till he grew utterly bewildered, and clung to the rim of the purdah for support. Pahar Hira also felt the pricks and quickened his pace, and the English followed his course until he came to a dead halt at the very mouth of the gorge. Rod Beverly was the first to see the black death that threatened them; he swung his company about and charged fiercely into the thick of it, and the black horde poured out through the gorge like ants from an ant-hill to meet the enemy's picked fire breast to breast. The Afghan tulwars are long and keen, and the arms that wield them are swift and strong beyond belief; but not the bravest soldier in the world could stand fight against such fearful odds. Soon the pit's mouth was choked with palpitating, bleeding human bodies, and the raja's men, seeing their cause lost, fled ingloriously.

It was sunset when the English drew off from the field of victory. Pahar Hira kept guard faithfully where his little mahout had given his last command, until some one discovered the prostrate figure in the purdah and pointed it out to Dr. Ferris. The doctor, who knew something of the temper of elephants, persuaded Pahar Hira that he meant well, so he allowed him to lift the little soldier down and lay him in the shadow of a flowering babul.

"Poor little chap!" said a brother soldier, peering down at the still face and keeping well out of range of Pahar Hira's squinting trunk, "he's done for this trip."

"An hour or so at most," I should say, "the doctor answered, slipping his fingers along the wrist in search of the fainting pulse-beats. "How, in the name of all that's wonderful, did he happen to do this great thing for us?"

"Happen? It was clearly premeditated. Little tyke's a born general, I say. The way he blocked that horde was simply heroic."

"Why, it's Beverly's little chap!" cried the colonel, riding up in great haste and dismounting before the prostrate figure.

Then Rod, who had put all his heart into the bloody work at the gorge, heard his name and joined the group that circled about the little hero. He uttered a cry of pained amazement and dropped to his knees, heedless of Pahar Hira's caution; and at that instant the fired his fluttered up, and the deep, dark eyes unclosed to meet that beloved face that had so long filled his

dreams. Was there any pain in the world that Rod's presence could not cure?

"Sahib," he murmured, "I could not stop when Colonel Sahib shouted. I saw the Afghans run into hiding and made haste to stop them at the pit's mouth. The Colonel Sahib will be very angry; but you are not angry, Sahib?"

"Angry, brave heart! No one is angry, only glad and proud of you, for you have done a great thing this day. I am very glad; but sorry that you are hurt."

"Then you are not tired of me?" searchingly. "Was I ever tired of you, little brother? Who told you that?"

"The riding Sahib," Rhavenah murmured. "He lied!" Rod cried with a rush of indignation. "Rhavenah, the riding Sahib died in battle for his country, and we must not speak ill of a loyal soldier. I am not one to fire of you, little hero. You believe that?"

Rhavenah believed and rejoiced beyond measure. "Send the Sahib doctor away," he whispered, "for he says I must die, but I will not die."

Rod carried him into his tent and watched beside him all the long night, trying to make himself believe that a miracle would happen and he would live. When morning dawned Ferris came in and put his hand on the little brown wrist, at which Rhavenah opened his eyes in startled wonder.

"Doctor Sahib, go away, please," he said soberly. "I will not die, for Rod Sahib does not wish it. Go away, please."

"We shall never understand the native grain," Ferris said dryly. "I could have staked my professional reputation on his death last night, and this morning shows a temperature and pulse next to normal. Keep him quiet and pleased and he'll take the fort yet, brave little chap!"

Rod was altogether too happy for speech; he smiled down at the scarp face, down among the coarse blankets, in grateful silence.

"Where is the Bibi Sahiba?" Rhavenah asked suddenly.

"Far away," Rod answered with a start. "What of her, Rhavenah?"

"On that day, long ago, I met her and she talked to me a long while going down to the bazaar. When I left her she gave me a rose and a message for you: 'Give it to Rod Sahib with my love, which never fades.' A faded rose it was, Sahib; but I have kept it for you. The day was hot and I put it into my tunic, and when I drew it forth nothing remained but the stem; yet I have kept that. Mayhap 'tis a talisman. There, Sahib, in the knot of my girdle."

Rod opened the girle with trembling fingers and found within a bit of kinkoob cloth, a few dried twigs and the dust of a red rose. "When we go back to

cautiousness we will find the Sahiba and thank her," he said, tremulously.

That day while Rhavenah slept he wrote to Elinor, briefly telling her what she knew in her heart, that she was still "the dearest one in all the world." He sent the letter down to post by a returning squad of soldiers, and it reached Elinor almost three weeks before Rod's company arrived at Poona. Maxwell had kept the matter of Rhavenah's disappearance hidden for reasons of his own, and as she had received no answer to her message she had no choice but believe that Rod had punished her distrust of him.

Meanwhile Madelon Sherwood had told her Rod's part of the story that had so nearly spoiled her life, trying to shield the other man's guilt for Elinor's sake, but she had guessed the truth and loved Rod the more for his silence.

It was weary work for Rhavenah to lie quietly in the palanquin on the long march to the Rawalpandee. Pahar Hira could not be accommodated with carriage room; therefore he had to be left behind, with many assurances of good faith, which did not altogether satisfy him, for he tried to suspend traffic when the train drew out of the station with Rhavenah on board. But Rhavenah, who had Rod's promise of his pet's safe transportation, gave himself up to the diversion of railway travel.

A great throng of cheering residents greeted the home-comers exultingly as they drew into the well-remembered Poona station. A solitary horsewoman rode slowly to and fro apart from the eager crowds, holding her prancing pony in check and looking searchingly from face to face as the dusty, battle-worn soldiers poured out of the carriages.

"It is the Bibi Sahiba," Rhavenah murmured. She waited, pale and erect, till the throng had passed, then she dismounted and, throwing the reins to her sals, went forward before the eyes of all men and gave her hand to Rod.

Rhavenah smiled, too, and slipped to the ground, holding the bearer's hand, for his legs were very unsteady, and the noise and excitement made his head ache; but Elinor stooped down, and taking his small, beautiful face between her hands kissed it tenderly. If ever Rod envied any one it was Rhavenah Nanak. "Sabaam, Maharaja!" she said, trying to steady her voice to fit the joyful occasion.

Then the soldiers caught the word and passed it along uproariously. "Hurrah for Rhavenah Nanak Buhadar!" And while they cheered Rod Beverly took opportunity to say what had been in his heart so long concerning "the dearest girl in the world."

"'Twas not I who held the Afghans," said Rhavenah Nanak modestly. "'Twas Pahar Hira."

THE END



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER,
Naval Adviser (Great Britain)



GENERAL J. C. C. DEN BEER POORTUGAEL,
(Holland)



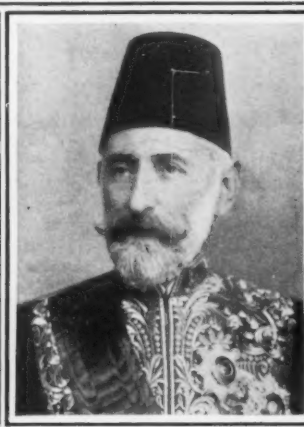
M. LEON BOURGEOIS,
Former French Premier (France)



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN ARDAGH,
Military Adviser (Great Britain)



GENERAL HORACE PORTER,
(United States)



TURKHAN PASHA,
(Turkey)



COLONEL A. KUEZLI,
(Switzerland)



M. ROTH,
Swiss Minister at Berlin (Switzerland)

PROMINENT DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT CONVENTION AT THE HAGUE

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JUNE 15, 1899

THE BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE has disappointed everybody. President Kruger's up-to-date obstinacy toward Sir Alfred Milner seems to stretch perilously that very elastic sort of cobweb which we name diplomacy. You hear it claimed by men of the best South African experience that the Boer is sunk in stupidity and ignorance, and that force alone will affect the phlegmatic and stolid personage who now rules his destiny. The Uitlanders, thus far, have been promised nothing, and the whole situation looks as if the rights of franchise for which they have so long been grumbling will be denied them, even to the beyond's point. A final clash is threatened between the Transvaal Republic and her British neighbors. Unquestionably race hatreds are fermenting with rapid stress. The enormous bloodshed in the Nile valley may soon be followed by more on kindred soil. Presently we shall have to give up calling Africa the "dark" continent, for it will have become too red-dened by fight, too illumined by the blaze of guns and the flash of swords. All sane thinkers, however, must concede that in this affair England's demands are just. She is willing, in any possible case, to give the Boers all that she asks from them in return. It is no matter of "party." Should the Liberals reign at Westminster to-morrow, and some new Colonial Secretary succeed Mr. Chamberlain, I doubt if any appreciable change of attitude would occur. The High Commissioner has made clear and rational proposals—that the number of years for the acquisition of the franchise should be fixed at five; that the naturalization oath should be modified; that a fair representation should be accorded to the newcomers; that naturalization should immediately carry with it the full right of vote. To these proposals President Kruger has given demurring, carping and pettish replies. Whom the gods would destroy they sometimes make pig-headed. Berlin is turning its back upon Kruger, and all European eyes have now seen distinctly that English immigrants are not the only Uitlanders whom he would bully and persecute. Let him beware. There isn't only writing on the wall, at Pretoria; it is all over the ceiling and floor as well.

Last night the Authors' Club (whose members represent the best literary talent of the country) gave a dinner to Mark Twain. He was received with tumults of applause, and was addressed, before he himself spoke, in very eulogistic and happy terms by Sir Spencer Walpole and Sir Walter Besant. Mark Twain's reply was full of his easy-going colloquialisms and his almost childishly gentle audacities. These set the table on a roar from start to finish, but I have heard Mark Twain when he had his merriments better in hand, like a troupe of trained butterflies, each with a tiny bit in its mouth and fairy reins to guide it. However, youth is not eternal, and if the butterflies did not always obey their master as meekly as of old, their volatility was none the less appreciated. As usual, Mr. Douglas Sladen, the well-known author, essayist and critic, was the good genius of the whole entertainment. I am sure Mark Twain must have blessed his tact, for he knows every literary man of the least note in London, and he realized, with his nice accustomed acumen, just when and how to introduce, in this distinguished assemblage, those who wished to shake hands with our foremost American humorist. Mark Twain's pun about himself and Mr. Kipling (which he frankly declared that he had been studying for eight days) has doubtless by this time crossed the Atlantic. He made it the *finale* of his speech, but somehow got it all wrong and tangled up,

Having thus delivered it, awry and inconclusive, he seated himself. But immediately afterward, as if recognizing his error, he rose again and made the crooked straight. "Since England and America have been joined together in Kipling, may they not be severed in Twain." This revised and corrected copy of the pun called forth fervid plaudits. If anybody present ventured to ask himself just how and why England and America had been joined together in Mr. Kipling, there was no sign of such interrogative process amid the rapturous welcomes of the *bon mot*.

Gayeties of the "Darbey," as all are now aware, were punctured by a tragedy. Holocauste, a magnificent animal, met his death there, and the jockey who rode him was only saved from being reduced to instantaneous bleeding pulp by a wide dispersion of his companion riders. Just why his neck did not snap like a pipe-stem when the beast he bestrode snapped his own foreleg like one is a riddle that seems to merge itself into the nebulae of miracle. Sloan's account of the horse plunging onward in agony, with one limb a

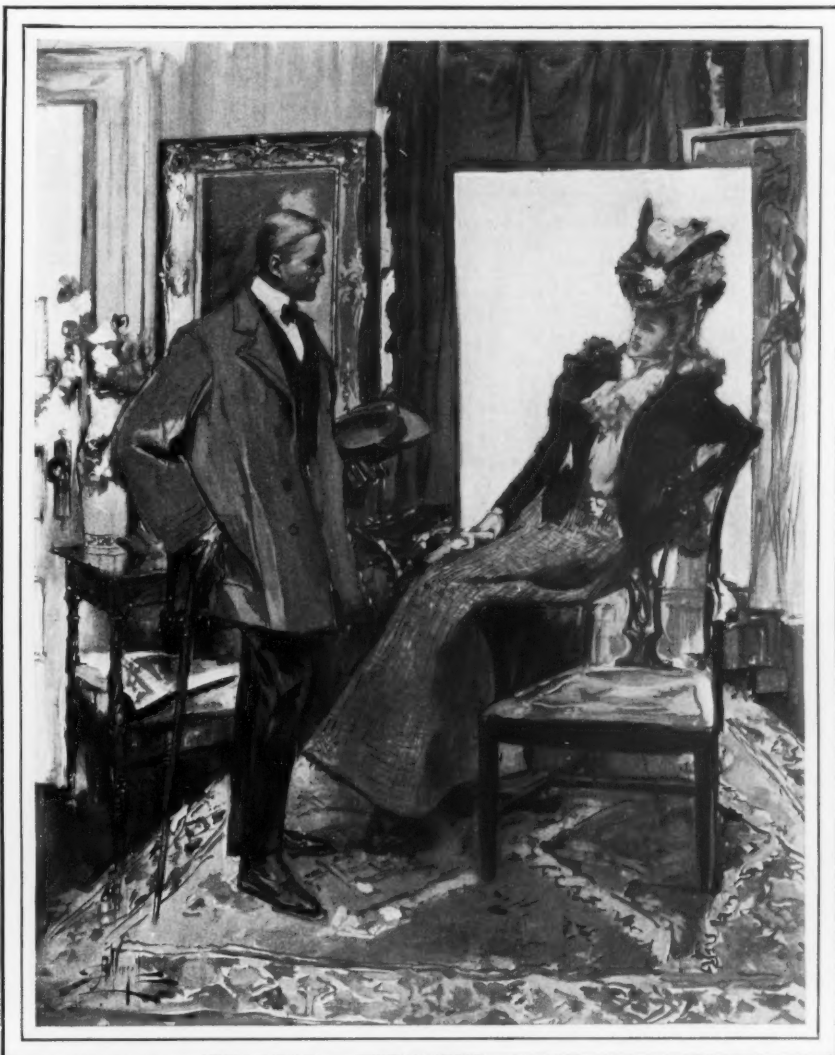
nearly always one of volcanic passion. So, too, was Fechter's, but that, we must remember, was also virile. Nevertheless, Madame Bernhardt's had lifted a load from the breasts of many friends here. She has come, she has seen, and if she has not conquered she has at least not been rebuffed. London is a dangerous place in which to play French experiments with Shakespeare; they who do so must of necessity tread thinnest ice.

June in London is the month of big dinners. There are so many of these that you often marvel how cooks enough are found to provide the private ones. Sometimes, in attending them, you find yourself sandwiched between strangers, and I have discovered that if these are English strangers they are apt to refute, by their facile affability, the old tradition of English reserve. But the other evening I had a novel experience. A Briton, seated at my elbow, told me a droll story in which one of his own countrymen by no means played the hero's part. This person, a youth, was visiting various Western American towns, getting glimpses of Niagara and the lakes, and possibly, let us suppose, of Chicago culture as well. "Oh, it's splendid, it's awfully fine, it's tremendously jolly," the youth kept affirming. "Say it's out of sight," suggested his American guide, guardian and friend; "that's a nice American way we have here, of expressing admiration." "Capital," was the lad's response; "I'll remember that! Yes; 'out of sight'; nothing could be better." When the young gentleman returned to New York, however, he met a group of acquaintances, who asked him what impression he had formed during his recent travels. "Oh, it's all magnificent!" he exclaimed; and then, pausing for a moment, as if to recollect, "why, the fact is, you . . . you can't see it!"

Earl's Court has opened, this year, with another grand show, but as usual it contains a single feature which transcends all others. This is "Savage South Africa," and wondrously effective it must be called. It is a performance held in the immense Empress Theatre, half circus and half playhouse. There can be slight question that the mock frenzies of contest are more or less faithful copies of actual deeds, committed during recent years, and portrayed now, in ghastly mimicry, with all their attendant horrors of ravage and repulse, of ambuscade and attack, of rescue, disaster, escape. The savages are genuine Matabeles, Basutos, Swazies, and Hottentots. You see some stirring scenes that folk over-sensitive had best, perhaps, avoid—scenes that "shoot light horrors

through the pulses," that make the flesh crawl, that lift the hair. As, for instance: It is Matabeleland at sunset. The mail coach enters drawn by eight or ten mules—the original stage-coach, too, that ran between Givelo and Buluwayo. "Joe Keighly" drives the vehicle, also, just as he once drove it through a hundred miles of country infested by hostile natives. He had then an escort of only eight armed men, and kept up a desperate galloping fight of over fifty miles till at last compelled to desert his moving stronghold and fly with his companions into the bush, while barbaric battle-axes nearly hacked the coach into splints. Those who like to see a white man's homestead burned by howling blacks may have ample chance of doing so at Earl's Court. They can look on poor Nora Campbell, too, as she plunges over the cliff rather than be taken alive. They can listen, moreover, to quick-firing Maxim guns, and note the ghastly silences created by their tympanum-splitting snarls and chuckles. Hordes of Americans are already hastening Londonward. For the jingo element of these pilgrims I am certain that "Savage South Africa" must prove the most welcome of Meccas.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



DRAWN BY A. E. WENZELL

"I'M SO GLAD YOU LIKED MY NOVEL."
"OH, IT WAS CHARMING! I READ ALL OF THE LAST CHAPTER;
HOW DID IT BEGIN?"

ghastly stump, makes you tell yourself that such splendid equine pluck should be rewarded. Why shouldn't Holocauste have had surgical treatment, and a wooden foreleg, and an honorable old age? That he was shot on the race-course prompts one to suspect the "love" we so often hear about from horse-lovers. It is all very well to talk of putting him "out of his misery," but we wouldn't send a bullet, in like circumstances, through the brain of a Jack the Ripper. Well, it now turns out the hoofs of this high-bred martyr will soon be "cured" by a Piccadilly taxidermist, and that they will eventually be mounted in some sort of design. So he gains, after all, a kind of left-handed immortality, or would "left-footed" be the apter phrase?

Sarah Bernhardt has made more success here with her "Hamlet" than was generally expected. But it is, after all, more of a success of curiosity than esteem. In "make-up" she does not effectually hide the fact of sex, though that no one believed she would do. But her "Hamlet" is entirely too melodramatic for English audiences. The wavering purpose, the dreamy contemplation, the pathetic self-analysis are all absent from it. Far from being an intellectual rendition, it is

THE PHILADELPHIA BACK FROM SAMOA

(See pages 8 and 9)

WITH THE ARRIVAL of the United States cruiser Philadelphia at San Francisco, June 21, another historical cruise ended, and a stirring chapter was added to the annals of the American navy. The Philadelphia left the Atlantic for service on the Pacific station at the close of last year, before the complications of the Samoan incident had reached the acute stage which they subsequently developed. Upon the arrival of the cruiser at San Diego the necessity of a competent force to protect and represent the interests of this country had become apparent. With some degree of haste the Philadelphia was despatched, under the command of Rear-Admiral Albert Kautz, sailing from San Diego January 31, arriving at Honolulu February 9, where she remained for final instructions. Sailing February 22, she started at once for Apia, where she arrived March 6, during the height of the turmoil, and at a most critical stage in the affairs of the islands.

At Samoa the Philadelphia remained for seventy-six days, during most of which time Admiral Kautz, her commander, was compelled to exercise almost autocratic power, being distant a thousand miles from the nearest point of communication with his government, and with the mission intrusted to him of guardianship of the rights of his own country, and preventing, if possible, three great and imperial nations from drifting into a mighty and destructive war.

There can be no doubt whatever, judging from universal testimony of the officers and men, that a complete and friendly accord was manifested between the American and English forces. At the lamentable affair at Vailuale, which occurred April 1, marines from both navies fought side by side, and their conmingled blood drenched the soil at Mulimua Point. Lieutenant Philip V. Lansdale and Ensign J. R. Monaghan were wounded and afterward butchered by the hostile natives, together with coxswain Butler, electrician Edsall, and privates Holloway and Mudge, who shared their fate. All the bodies were recovered, and with those of the British were interred at a pretty cemetery at Mulimua. The bodies of Lieutenant Lansdale and Ensign Monaghan were subsequently disinterred and brought to San Francisco on the bridge of the Philadelphia, their caskets wrapped in the American colors. The funeral of Lieutenant Lansdale was held in San Francisco with full naval honors. The body of Ensign Monaghan was taken to Spokane, Wash. Both officers deserved a better fate. Their position in the service and their high character were an assurance of future distinction. The bodies of the privates rest in distant Samoa, their graves cared for tenderly by their comrades. As an instance of international courtesy the flags of all British ships in the harbor were displayed at half-mast while the bodies of the two officers remained on board of the Philadelphia.

COREANS AND THE "DEVIL CARS"

(See double page)

THE COREANS have not taken kindly to the electric car. It is to them a maelstrom of the devil, fraught with the most horrible consequences to the population and the country through which it passes. The new road from Seoul to Chienulpo was opened a month ago, and the affair was intended to impress the Coreans with the advantages of the introduction of the trolley to their kingdom. The natives swarmed to see the trial trip of the "devil cars": wagons propelled by a force that was not human, and not understandable. They were sceptical and afraid. The long drought prevailing in the Seoul district needed an explanation.

All that was needed to stir the native to a fanatical outbreak against the foreign devils' innovation was an accident; and unfortunately that occurred. A Korean child strayed on the track before the oncoming car. Its little body was mangled horribly.

The Japanese motormen and the officials of the American firm which constructed the line had to fly for their lives. Attempts to run further cars were hopeless, as the authorities refusing to supply guards, the motormen declined to board the cars. The first assault of the mob culminated in a riot; twenty of the ringleaders were arrested and executed, their severed heads being exhibited in the public places as a warning to evil-doers in general, but particularly with a view to influencing the insurgents, who are now rapidly nearing Seoul, and who gained considerable accession through the "devil car" riots.



MAJOR J. EUSTACE JAMESON

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LAS VEGAS

(See page 5)

THE FIRST ANNUAL REUNION of the Rough Riders, held June 24, 25 and 26, at Las Vegas, N. M., was eminently successful in point of attendance of the general public and in bringing the troopers together.

Colonel Roosevelt arrived in New Mexico on Saturday morning, June 24, the anniversary of the flight of Las Guasimas. Governor M. A. Otero of New Mexico had by official proclamation set aside the day as a territorial holiday. There seemed, therefore, to be a happy combination of circumstances.

The three days of the reunion were filled up with an elaborate programme, devised by the citizens of Las Vegas, for which the sum of \$6,000, in round numbers, was raised, subsequently increased to \$10,000. The citizens' programme included an exhibition of Pain's fireworks on Saturday and Monday evenings. Various tournament sports were devised, including pony, foot, bicycle, horse company, broncho riding, steer tying contests, and other races. The expense of erecting a grand-stand to hold four thousand people was ordered, and was the only revenue-producing feature of the occasion. The tournament sports and fireworks were entirely free to all who wished to attend them.

Among the more prominent Rough Riders present were the following: Lieutenant-Colonel A. O. Brodie, Captains McClintock, Llewellyn, Luna, Curry, Muller, and Day, the latter succeeding to the command of Troop L, vice the late Allyn K. Capron; Lieutenants Greenway, Kelly, Goodrich, Ferguson, Dame, Leahy, Ballard, Devereaux; Sergeant Knaublauch, and Sherman Bell, who acted as clerk for Roosevelt during the Santiago campaign.

Among the prominent civilians present during the reunion as guests of the regiment were: Ex-Governor Alva Adams of Colorado, who represented Governor Thomas; Governor Oakes Murphy of Arizona, Governor M. A. Otero of New Mexico, H. H. Kohlsaat of Chicago.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS AND THE FRENCH CRUISER SFAX

MAJOR JAMESON AND THE AMERICA'S CUP

MAJOR J. EUSTACE JAMESON, Member of Parliament for an Irish constituency, and one of Great Britain's most enthusiastic yachtsmen, is now in this country on a business mission; that is a precursor to the visit he will make some few months hence, when he will witness the contest between the Columbia and the Shamrock.

Major J. Eustace Jameson is here only temporarily, and has opened a branch of the Dublin Distillers Company Limited, of which he is president, at 503 Fifth Avenue, with the United Agency Company. The Dublin Distillers Company Limited was formed in 1889, and amalgamated the celebrated firms of W. Jameson Company, G. Roe & Company, and the Dublin Whiskey Distilling Company. W. Jameson and Roe are the two largest pot still distillers in the world. It has been stated that Major Jameson at present represents Sir Thomas Lipton in the international yacht race. This, Major Jameson says, is not the case. He is merely a great personal friend of Sir Thomas Lipton, and coming out in that capacity only to see the race between the Columbia and Shamrock.

It has also been erroneously published that Major Jameson had stated "an Anglo-American alliance would be beneficial to Ireland." This statement has been repeated in the "Independent" of June 21, and we are informed by Major Jameson that he never made such a statement in his life to any interviewer, and it is absolutely contrary to anything he ever said.

Major Jameson was formerly in the Royal Irish and Twentieth Hussars. He stood as a Home Ruler in 1892 against Lord Alfred Hervey for Bury St. Edmunds, and for Clare in 1894, for which constituency he now sits.

Major Jameson is an enthusiastic admirer of our sporting spirit. "Yours," he said, "is the only country worth racing against. I know of no finer nor more honorable sportsmen in the world than you have been." He is equally an admirer of our business institutions. He is himself one of the wealthiest business men in Ireland. Besides being head of one of the largest commercial concerns in the world, he is interested in numerous South African and Australian mining properties. He will conclude his visits here in time to allow of his return to Ireland before the sailing of the Shamrock.

THE RETURN OF DREYFUS

THE CURTAIN is up on the last act of the great Dreyfus Drama. The audience, all agog with excitement, waits for the climax, that happy ending that will fittingly terminate the whole tragic affair. The French love the dramatic. And what could be more dramatic than the return of the prisoner from Devil's Island; the smuggled landing from the Sfax, the mad gallop to the prison of Rennes, the charging troopers at the gates, and the clanging of these self-same gates behind the man who, still legally a convict, has before him the immediate prospect of freedom and rehabilitation?

Dreyfus appears to have borne his humiliation and banishment with stoic fortitude. He returns unembittered against his foes, and with the warmest protestations of gratitude toward those who befriended him in the long, weary and acrimonious struggle for justice. Now in Rennes, he awaits the court-martial that is still necessary for his formal discharge.

Not the least dramatic touch in this whole sequence of extraordinary events was the confidence of Dreyfus in the officers of the General Staff. He believed them to be working might and main on his behalf the while they were plotting for the greater certainty of his exile. The good woman of Rennes who asked: "And who is Dreyfus?" was hardly more ignorant of the strife and turmoil that has been boiling around the affairs of this Jewish officer for the past five years than was Dreyfus himself.

On board the Sfax he learned nothing. The officers and crew were forbidden to approach him; and even Lieutenant Champagnac, who was particularly responsible for him, was ordered to communicate with him only in writing. Even were there any so inclined they would have been repulsed by the prisoner's self-containment and disdainful aloofness—a demeanor preserved by Dreyfus until he broke into sobbing at meeting his wife. It was left for his counsel, M. M. Demange and Labori, to give him the first complete account of the stirring affairs from the court-martial of 1894 to the return on the Sfax in 1899.

CALIFORNIA FROG RANCHES

IN CALIFORNIA there is said to be more women who are engaged in masculine occupations than in any other section of the United States.

It is at Stege, a little station about twenty miles from San Francisco, that a frog ranch is located, named after the first owner of the land roundabout. The Stege ranch extends from the bay shore up to the ridge of the Coast Range of mountains, which encloses both shores of San Francisco Bay. In the lower portions of the ranch a great number of springs gush out of the soil in copious volumes. It was the springs that determined the first location of the ranch. The site, overlooking an expansive view of the beautiful bay, was capable of vast improvement. A dozen acres, enclosing the springs, were surrounded with a hedge of cypress. The grounds were laid out with taste, and soon presented the rare beauty incident to the profuse vegetation of a semi-tropical climate. Three ponds were formed by confining the waters of the flowing springs, some acres in extent, and stocked with frogs. A fence, high enough to prevent the escape of the inmates, surrounded each, and the ponds were filled with aquatic plants and mosses. Then hundreds of frogs were placed in the ponds, and from the original stock the increase has been so great that, though thousands are sent to market yearly, the withdrawals have no sensible effect upon the vast numbers remaining. Frog ranching is not unlike cattle raising. There are one, two, three, or four-year-olds, though the successful frog raiser will always keep the young ones separate and apart from the full grown, which are cannibals of the first rank, and eat all which are not able to protect themselves. The four-year-olds are considered ripe for the market, though the gourmand in frogs prefers those that are a year or two younger. A frog's life is twelve years. There are some of that age at Stege. They are of monstrous growth, being fourteen inches in length and weighing as much as four pounds.

In California, as in colder climates, frogs hibernate in winter, and in the spring emerge after their long sleep enervated to the last degree. Then they are fed with a mixture of oatmeal and blood, and again at the spawning season, but only for a short time. They are, most of the time, self-sustaining, feeding upon the insects which they cleverly catch.

Like most creatures of the animal world, frogs are capable of affection for their keeper, and demonstrate it by coming at call and allowing themselves to be handled, showing much delight in being stroked. Placed upon the ground, they readily follow their mistress for a long distance. At night the noise made by the ten thousand frogs, which, it is estimated, are contained in the three ponds, is tremendous.

Lord Coleridge writes: "Send me fifteen dozen Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Wine. I tried it while here and find it superior."

Good health largely depends upon good digestion; good digestion is gained by the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. All grocers and druggists.

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Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



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For infants under one month, a heaping teaspoonful of the food is a smooth paste, add a small quantity of sweet milk; boil for about five minutes. Strengthen to taste.

For children one to three months old, add a small quantity of water and milk, and gradually increase the quantity of milk until the child is able to take the food without any addition.

For invalids, use one tablespoonful of the food mixed with milk; prepared as above.

When the Food is served hot, and not too hot, follow directions, see circular herewith.

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FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as
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Disordered Liver
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IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.

Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also quickly restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

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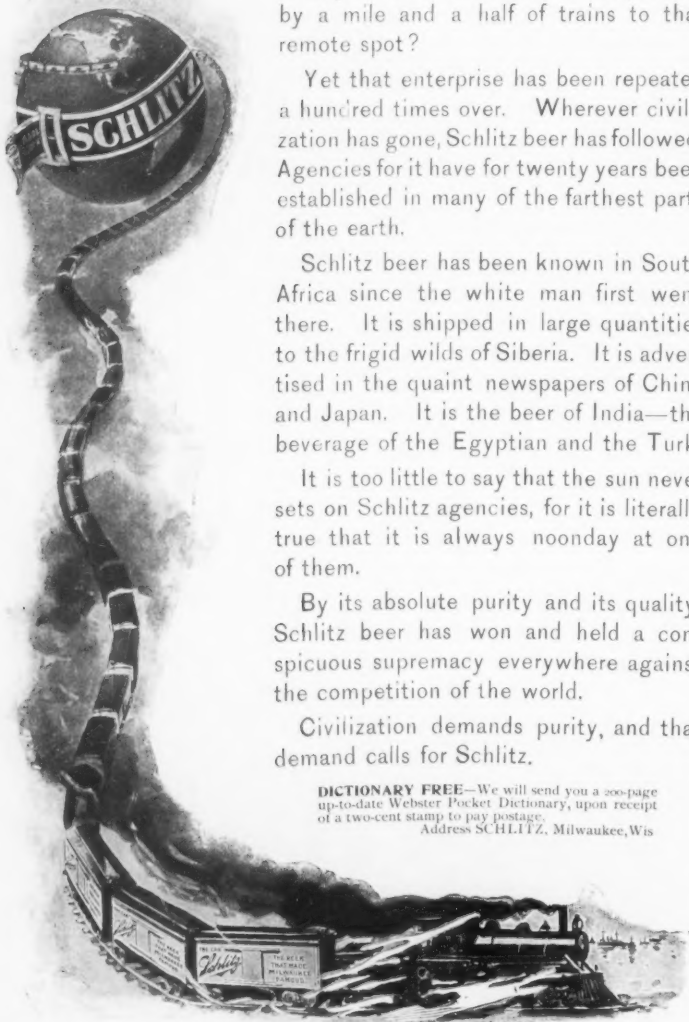
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BULL-FIGHTS AND BULL-FIGHTERS

IT IS WRITTEN, "To him that esteemeth anything unclean, to him it is unclean;" and the writer must admit that he cannot approve of bull-fights; still he believes it possible that a bull-fighter may be a self-respecting and honorable man.

A bull-fighter when dead, stays dead; if he dies bravely he leaves his family, already able to do without him, in comfortable circumstances. They have thenceforth a pedigree, and are well cared for. Many a man would find it easier to die if he knew that was the case with his own.

A number of officers ashore from the Oregon, the first Sunday after their arrival at Rio de Janeiro last November, found themselves at a loss for something to do, so it was decided to see a bullfight.

One of the party had seen a Portuguese bull-fight in Lisbon, and declared that the bulls, through frequent appearance in the ring, became trained and were hard to deal with, so that the fighters had necessarily to exert their utmost skill.

The Praça de Touros seemed small, the ring being hardly thirty yards in diameter. It was encircled by a narrow passage between a barrier four feet high and the octagonal amphitheatre. There were about three thousand seats, but not more than half were occupied. Presently, the audience becoming impatient, the leader of the band took his station, waved his baton, and the band started a spirited gallop. This duty being performed, the leader walked to one side, took a seat, rolled a cigarette and smoked placidly. The band played on in a steeple-chase sort of a way, and finally stopped piecemeal, as if run down.

Then came a bugle call, the band crashed into lively tumult, the swing gates opened, and out marched la cuadrilla and the cavaleros; thick-set, powerful men, wearing three-cornered hats and powdered wigs, plumb-colored velvet coats with wide flaps, and satin tight.

The horses danced prettily forward to the judge's stand, then slowly courtesied backward through the halted troupe, then forward again, and, flashing sidewise past each other, whirled and pirouetted about the ring in perfect time with each other and the music. It was a beautiful sight, one well worth seeing.

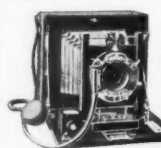
Then the horses courtesied out; the assistants vaulted over the barrier, and the principals scattered about the ring in brilliant tableaux. A cavalero mounted one of the led horses and rode in, the swing gates clashing behind him; in his hand he carried a *farpeado*, a short stick armed with a barb and gayly decorated with colored paper. The shaft was shaved and splintered so as to break at its middle point under the shock of the thrust. The bugle sounded, a trap door in the barrier swung up, and a black bull snorting with rage charged headlong into the ring. His horns were cased in rawhide and blunted with cylindrical blocks about two inches in diameter. His hide seemed rough and shaggy, doubtless from the vigorous prodding of sharp sticks from between the bars of his narrow stall, with which he had been excited to fury.

A pink cloak trailing behind a graceful capedore caught his attention and he charged at full speed; the cloak was dropped, the owner vaulting nimbly over the barrier. It was not his act, but the good intentions of the bull were manifested by the thundering blow he dealt the woodwork. In an instant he flew at another cloak, and then another, the owner of which fled, leaving it on his horns. Meanwhile the cavalero stood like a statue, until the bull, seeing him, charged; the horse pirouetted and the bull thundered past under him, but, turning quickly, charged again. This time the horse trotted in a narrow circle, with the vicious horns scarce six inches from his flank. It seemed as if he enjoyed this dangerous play, for his intelligent eye bore bravely on the lowered head of his enemy. Then the bull gathered himself for a rush, and as he came on, the rider, leaning well over, sent the *farpeado* in between his shoulders. The bull seemed bewildered with rage at this attack, apparently from the rear, and turning, charged a cloak a few steps off. The cavalero bowed his acknowledgment of the applause, and entering along the barrier, took a *farpeado* scarcely eighteen inches long from an attendant. Again he drew the bull toward him and planted the barb. Then the bugle sounded, the trap door lifted, and in trotted three long-horned, yellow oxen with jangling bells, followed by an attendant with a goad. They wandered aimlessly about the ring and then were driven out, the bull crowding with them, apparently glad his part was over.

The cavalero vanished. It was now the bandarheiros' turn. Three stood with faded crimson cloaks trailing over their arms, and two carried a bandarilla in each hand. These resembled *farpeados*, being possibly lighter and longer in the shaft. Again the trap door rose and in charged a second bull, savage, but alert and intelligent, carrying his head up and glancing from side to side, puzzled only as to which of his opponents he should attack. Then something particularly offensive in one cloak attracted him; the fighter, waiting until the bull's horn seemed to graze his knee, made a short side step, sweeping the cloak into a

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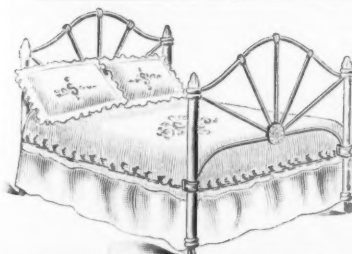
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coil, and stood, one arm akimbo, his back almost touching the bull's shoulder. But for an instant another cloak was spread alluringly before the bull and he turned toward it, but hardly started when it was whisked away, and a third rustled its folds toward one side. He stood puzzled, turning and lowering his head to one and then the other, until suddenly, right before him, stood a slender figure with two gaudy darts poised for striking. He lowered his head and charged swiftly. The bandarilheiro leaned forward and to one side and thrust the darts into the neck. The bull flung up his head with rage and pain and passed on; twice more he suffered this, and then the sad-eyed oxen led him out.

Once the espadas marched around the ring and explained to the spectators a peculiarly dangerous and brilliant feat about to be performed. This was amusing until it became tiresome, for, although every one heard his first address, the espada repeated it with punctilious ceremony to every one of the eight sections of the amphitheatre. Then he took his station directly opposite the trap door, waving his bandarillas over his head. The bugle sounded and the maddened bull rushed out and charged at a wild gallop; the espada leaned over the bull's forehead and planted the darts, then stood, cap in hand, bowing to the applause. Whether the bull went through the man or the man through the bull it is hard to say, but the man apparently had not moved from his place.

Then came the Valente Grupo de Mocos de Forcado—the fighters with the fishermen's caps. What they did was to manhandle a bull, thoroughly infuriated, with four bandarillas. The leader of the Grupo stood before the bull with arms extended like a waiting wrestler, then, seeing his chance, flung himself upon the bull's head.

Perhaps it was high art, perhaps it was an accident, but he was flung off; the Valente Grupo fleeing to right and left, leaving the bull to rub the man in the dirt. No effort was made to rescue him, and no concern was shown; so it seemed right to enjoy the bull's short triumph without compunction. Then they separated, and the man, though limping and with his face smeared with blood—from the bull's bandarilla cuts—made another effort. This time he succeeded, falling between the horns and claspings the brute's neck; in an instant another flung his body across him, holding on by the horns; two more clasped poor torro's neck, while a fifth tugged valiantly at his tail. There was a heaving, tossing, tangle of legs for a moment, and then the bull submitted. At any rate, he hardly waited for the oxen to enter before he rushed out.

Then the leader, cap in hand, limped around the ring gazing imploringly up into each section. He was rewarded by a few cigars and cigarettes and a vast number of more or less frowzy hats. Some of these were inconsiderately dropped on the wrong side of the barrier; nevertheless, he climbed painfully back and forth after each successive hat, and tossed it, with every sign of humble gratitude, back to its owner. It became tiresome, and without putting any motion the party rose as one man and left. "It may be a sign of depravity," said one; "but I would have enjoyed it more if the bull's horns had been sharp and they had had fair play; still, many a racehorse is hurt more, and roping and branding must be far worse." "Wait," said an old Pacific cruiser, "until we get to Lima; there you'll see a real bull-fight. The ring is said to be the largest in the world; too large, in fact, as the bulls get tired running about it. Occasionally they kill a man or a horse; but then it is just as much an accident in one case as in the other." "Well," said another, gloomily, "I believe that Johnson's red bull could clean out the whole menagerie—bulls, fighters and all." "Never heard of him. Who's Johnson?" "Oh, he was a Connecticut farmer. I don't recollect much about him, except the bull. Johnson held the deeds to an old orchard, but the bull held possession." "Nine points of the law and two for his nob?" "Yes, all Johnson had was a pitchfork, the other point of law not seeming to count with the bull, so the farmer always kept near the fence. How long ago it seems! A shady lane led downward past the orchard to a tiny schoolhouse. There was a little girl, too, afflicted with a defiant red shawl. She'd never go through the lane to school alone, but would wait, a patient little body, sitting by the roadside, until the big boys came. Then down would rush the bull full of wrath and bellow over the low stone wall, while Susie, screaming with terror, would cling to the furthest arm. That was thirty years ago. Perhaps Susie has not forgotten, and it may please her now to know how much more tender and careful most of us would be if we had our boyhood to live over again.

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SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AUGUSTIN DALY

IT SEEMS DIFFICULT to believe that Augustin Daly could have left instructions for his theatrical arrangements to be prolonged through a future period of six years. If ever there was a man inalienably identified with the work which he carried on, that man was the renowned American manager who recently died. A more dominating influence could ill be imagined; he was almost curiously without assistants in any true sense of the word. I never recollect his having a secretary, and though the various letters I have received from him would easily mount into hundreds, all were written in his own hand, and sometimes with an admirable, almost military, succinctness. I first became acquainted with Daly in New York in 1880. I had been trying my hand at the drama, with some little success, but the comedy, "Our First Families," which I now offered him, it did not seem to me at all probable that he would accept. He did accept it, however, and the work had a good run. He had then been but a single year in his Broadway and Thirtieth Street theatre, which he always afterward retained. He had reaped some rich successes, but had suffered from severe reverses during the previous twenty years. Now folk were wont to say, "Daly is on his feet again, or soon will be." But that first year did not put him on his feet, though a certain winsome young actress named Ada Rehan had begun to be talked about as "clever" and "promising." It was not then believed that she belonged on the list of Daly's "finds"; for in past years he had undoubtedly been a most helpful counsellor and backer of many artists. It would be hard to say in just what degree Miss Clara Morris and Fanny Davenport, James Lewis and Mr. John Drew, not to mention others who have won large histrionic reputations, owed their early triumphs to his tutelage. For those whom I have named he certainly provided their first chances, and I have never met any of his protégés who did not willingly admit that his teachings and suggestions and general guidance were of precious value. "They all make their hits under my management," he once rather bitterly said to me, "and then they leave me and go off to seek their fortunes as strays." But for many years Mr. John Drew did not leave him, and not so long ago he spoke to me of Daly's tuition and aid in very handsome terms. The late brilliant comedian, James Lewis, left him for a time, but returned to him and died in his service after twenty years of unaltered friendship, remaining constantly a signal ornament of his troupe. Mrs. Gilbert, now well past her seventieth year, always held for him the most touchingly grateful affection, and I am sure that this poor old lady, whose capacities he knew how to direct and exploit with such consummate skill, must be suffering great grief at his loss. She relied upon his powers as an adviser with pathetic dependence. Of Miss Ada Rehan's artistic indebtedness it is less easy to speak. To such fine, intuitive genius as hers one might safely declare that possession was in itself opportunity. And yet she might have labored much longer before recognition came in full tide, if Daly, conscious of her extraordinary merit, had not employed in her cause the most vigilant and appreciative tact. Of all his feminine pupils Miss Rehan has surely risen to the highest heights. But I am confident that she herself would be most willing to concede that without Daly's discreet training she would not be quite the same adroit and facile mistress of her art which to-day so delightfully finds her.

It has often been said of Daly—and I have seen it repeated in some of his recent obituaries—that he was a terrible martinet with his company. In 1883, if I mistake not, he brought out another comedy of mine, called "Americans Abroad," so that I was enabled to watch his methods of rehearsal during two long intervals, each extending over several weeks. As a rule his demeanor was jovial rather than morose. But when he gave orders in the way of stage business, and these were replied to by words of objection or disapprobation, he invariably frowned. I never once saw him lose his temper, but I have seen him, on several occasions, obviously annoyed. To the chief members of his company he often loved to sink the mien of the manager in that of the host. Repeatedly I have been his guest at charming little banquets; among these I recall an exquisite Sunday night dinner given to Mrs. Gilbert on her sixtieth birthday. Nowadays in New York we hear of sumptuous feasts arranged by multi-millionaires, but I doubt if any of them could possibly eclipse a certain entertainment held on the stage of Daly's Broadway Theatre, commemorating a long and lucrative run of what was perhaps his first Shakespearean revival. This must have been somewhere in the middle "eighties." Fully a hundred guests were disposed about an immense table, occupying almost the entire stage. Table, however, it could not well be called, for

it was one solid island of flowers, and costliest flowers at that. The menu was Delmonico in his choicest mood; the wines were superexcellent; the speeches, delivered by men eminent in different professions, were felicitous and able.

And yet this man, of all theatrical managers, had the keenest appreciation of bright or sombre tints in the appointments of his stage. Few have ever surpassed him in the delicate distribution and arrangement of scenic harmonies. The late John Lester Wallack (brother-in-law of Du Maurier) was, I think, the first New York innovator as regarded beautiful and realistic stage furnishings and equipments; but Daly followed rapidly in his footsteps. Daly was a careful watcher, too, of the dresses worn by his company. To my surprise he once said to me, in speaking of an actress who had played many parts under his supervision before we met: "I never got complete satisfaction from the outfits of Miss So-and-So until I secured for her the services of D—." And "D—" was at that time one of the most fashionable and expensive dressmakers in New York. Every lady in his company always consulted with him regarding the gowns, hats and mantles which she was to wear in any new play. If this play were of a "modern society" order he stipulated that all the actors in it should be garbed in the most modish manner. Up-to-date tailoring he ignored with respect to his own adoption of it, but the white tie and the neat-cut evening gear for a represented ball, dinner or night reception, the frock coat and symmetric "four-in-hand" for an afternoon scene, the morning coat for an episode occurring at or before luncheon—all these trifling yet assertive elegances he insisted upon with scrupulous zeal.

It was not until 1884, or thereabout, that Daly, in his new ventures as a manager, found himself really redoubtable. The production of a play from the German, called "Love on Crutches," drew large money into his box-office, and gave him once more the standing which he had lost by a series of previous misfortunes. Miss Ada Rehan's powers were by this time beginning to receive the welcome which later years have so abundantly accorded them. She was mounting that pedestal of popularity and distinction which she has never since quitted. But suddenly, while prosperity was again showering its awards into Daly's lap, an awful blow fell upon himself and his amiable wife. Their two young boys, both attractive and interesting lads, were stricken with diphtheria, and died within a space of only a few hours apart. The effect upon Daly was at first paralyzing. He still clung to his theatre, but I recollect hearing from some functionary closely connected with it, that he remained locked nearly all the time in his most private apartment, and that to gain a glimpse of him was impossible. One night I dropped into the playhouse and witnessed with keenest regret the performance there. Mrs. Gilbert, Lewis, Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, all seemed to partake of an equal sadness, and the sprightly piece then running threatened to lose half its former vogue from the melancholy by which its performers were afflicted. But Daly afterward rallied from his grief with marked swiftness. Of course the deep wound still bled, but he had two consolations of cogent efficacy. One was religion, and one was work. He had been born a Roman Catholic, and the calamity drew him nearer to a faith from which he had never swerved. As for work, he was simply, as far as I could ever learn, miserable without it. Few managers, when all is said, have been more bruised by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; and yet failure never succeeded in "downing" him, no matter how bludgeon-like its assaults. I have in mind a certain morning when I visited him after a certain production (something semi-musical, whose name escapes me) had met with the most disastrous of *premières*. I knew how he had anticipated a victory, and how opportunity, just then, it would have proved to him. Expecting to find him crushed with disappointment, I was pleased by a wholly different result. He had already issued instructions to his company for the rehearsal of a new play. Somewhat paler than usual, but entirely cheerful and composed, he appealed to me as the very incarnation of pluck.

Daly's vigorous captaincy in the way of theatric presentment will, I should say, easily survive all his other gifts. His ability to instruct the uncertain actor and to rouse in him latent faculties of accomplishment, must of necessity soon perish from recollection. Who heeds to-day the question of what teacher taught Patti, Nordica, Emma Eames, Edouard de Reszke? And these dignitaries of art have not yet lost their power to yield us delight. Luckily, however, the ripe richness of Miss Ada Rehan's achievements may be trusted to remind us, for a long time hereafter, of the guardian and guide who so unweariedly studied and gauged her genius. For my own part, I feel that I shall never witness any future performance of this very remarkable actress without being visited by momentous memories of how she once listened to the wise and subtle mandates of a voice now forever still.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON
FIELD AND WATER

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

HARVARD-
YALE FOUR-
OAR

It was all Harvard—one long afternoon of successive victories, first the four-oar. Here Harvard's form was apparent, even as the boats were coming up to the line. They had a higher feather than Yale, but they had also a quicker though no more catch. In fact, they rowed very like their 'varsity' in this respect, burying their oars instantly at the full reach. The inboard work of Yale was not as good as Harvard's and their watermanship not up to that of the Cambridge men. After the first quarter of a mile the race was settled, and Harvard went on steadily increasing her lead, with the exception of a plucky spurt by Yale at the beginning of the second mile, and another just before the finish. The Harvard coxswain occasionally looked leisurely back at his rival's boat and did not hurry his crew. They finished in good form, and then rowed about and waited to see the start of the freshman race.

The freshman race followed the four-oar closely, beginning at the two-mile point, where the fours had stopped. The start was in the tideway and a little across the stream, and this made it almost impossible to hold the boats properly pointed down the course. This caused considerable delay, and the boats were called back after the first start, Harvard asking for the recall. At the second attempt they got off well together and for a quarter mile were level. Then the snap and dash in the Yale boat began to tell, and they

that the crews could not have a close race. One or the other stroke must be stamped with a decided victory before half the course was covered. And the first mile told which of the two would finish first, although for nearly three-quarters of that distance the crews rowed side by side and stroke for stroke. Then Harvard commenced to pull ahead and soon had opened up clear water, and that gap grew steadily wider and wider as the half-mile flags were passed, Yale fighting along; but her coxswain's eyes seeing the Harvard boat stealing a little further away each minute until at half way he must have known that all hope was over. In the last half-mile the boats about the finish had so crowded over, encroaching upon Harvard's water, that her coxswain had to steer along in a sweeping semicircle, skirting the intruders, in order to get to his finish flags. But he had time enough to do this safely, although in a close race it would have meant certain defeat.

The stroke of the Harvard crew had one or two marked peculiarities. They perform what is sometimes called kicking out their slides; that is, immediately after anchoring the oars they start the slides and almost snap their knees down, thus beginning the leg-drive at the same instant that the bodies commence to go back, making really a direct jump from the stretcher. It takes a powerful crew and men with plenty of dash to execute this method successfully, but Harvard did it to perfection. Their body swing reminded one a little of the Wisconsin in that the men in the waist were tall and the swing was well distributed. It was, however, not as long as that exhibited by the Badgers. They started their slides on the recover very quickly, and then finished the last half of the slide up with especial care, thus avoiding almost entirely any stopping between strokes. Their hands got away quickly, although in this respect they were not as sharp as Yale.

and got a better grip of it. Cornell did not carry out the end of her stroke as well as last year and the year before. The oars washed out, and that, too, irregularly, and there was a bad break between Nos. 4 and 5. Pennsylvania was rigged low, and both her crew and Wisconsin kept their boats steady as rocks throughout the race.

A good deal of criticism was caused by the lateness in getting the race off. It had been set for six o'clock, but it was very evident that some of the managers did not mean to have the race rowed at that hour; and it is a difficult undertaking for a referee to bring off a race at a fixed hour if the coaches and crews wish to delay it. Not that this applies to the particular start itself or the two false starts which were made. Those were wholly unintentional in every sense. But it does apply to the crews getting up on to the line. Referee Armstrong notified the crews that the race would be rowed at six o'clock, and he wanted them on the line sharp; but what with temporarily disabled launches and a general disposition to wait until the other crews were out, it was nearly three-quarters of an hour after that time before they were lined up.

The first false start was a peculiar one, and raises the question as to what is an accident. The rule is that if any accident occurs during the first twenty seconds, or, as it used to be, the first ten strokes of the race, that the referee shall call back the crews. After that time is up each crew must abide by its own accidents. When the crews were sent off first they had only rowed three or four strokes when No. 2 in Wisconsin's boat held up his hand, and the crew stopped rowing. The referee at once recalled the crews, although he had a hard time and much whistling by his boat before he succeeded. When he asked Wisconsin what was the matter, they reported that the slide had become unshipped. The referee warned them



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARR

PENNSYLVANIA 'VARSITY CREW CONGRATULATING EACH OTHER IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RACE

gradually crept ahead, passing the half-mile flag in 1 minute 49 seconds, three seconds, or nearly a boat-length ahead of their crimson rivals. This first half-mile was short, the flags being set too near the starting flags, hence the remarkable time, although the entire length of the course was accurately two miles. Yale continued her lead, increasing it slightly occasionally and then dropping back, still holding that length, at the mile. At the mile and a half Harvard had crept up so that Yale's lead was but a half length. Then a remarkable sight met the eyes of the astonished coxswains. Steaming directly up the middle of the course came a huge side-wheeler—the Glen Island—an excursion boat from New Haven! She hustled over out of the direct line, but too late to remedy the damage, for her swells were left heaving across the pathway of the fragile shells. Harvard, being nearest to that side, caught them first, but not perhaps the heaviest, and after some splashing rode through. Then Yale went into the veritable trough of the sea, and for a moment it looked as though she must swamp. Harvard was spurring, and had secured the lead, which she stretched out into nearly two lengths before crossing the line.

By the time the 'varsity race was called the conditions were perfect. The water was smooth and flat—here and there an occasional ripple, but ideal for eight-oared shell-racing. As the crews rowed up to the start it was easily discernible that, although the strokes were similar in length and rhythm, there was a marked difference in the beliefs of the coaches, for Yale was reaching further than Harvard, but not getting such a quick grip of the water, while Harvard was starting her slides earlier and on the recover making more of a contrast between the first half and the last half. Yale's boat jumped more when the stroke began, but checked more at its completion. So pronounced was this that one knew

But in one point of their stroke, besides the sneaking up on the slide, they were better than Yale, and that was in the instant burying of the blade at the full reach. There was absolutely no hang whatever over the catch, but the moment they had completed their recover the oars dropped, and with slide and body they sprang off the stretcher.

The Yale crew in point of recovery were the best of any crew either on the Thames or on the Hudson, but they did not seem to have the driving force exhibited by Wisconsin, nor the long-leg shoot of Pennsylvania. They rowed more like Harvard in the middle of the stroke and in the body swing, although they went rather further back. They had, however, improved but little since two weeks ago in their catch, and hung over it as Columbia did at Poughkeepsie, although not quite so markedly, and they came aft less carefully in completing the recover than did Harvard. Toward the end of the race they became short, and more than one man showed that the heavy swing was telling. In the first part of the race they seemed to be making a special effort for extra reach, and this apparently hurt their strength. Their stroke seemed devoid of dash, and, as is always the case with the losing crew, grew less powerful toward the end.

A man named McConville came out of the West (where he had given up a captaincy to perform the drudgery of coaching), and he brought an eight with him that only lost the race because their coxswain, forced to alter his course to clear a drifting crate, never thereafter found the chance to get back where he belonged without losing irrevocably.

When Columbia rowed up to the starting-point there was no disguising the fact that in smoothing out her stroke—in an attempt at form—one of the main principles had been neglected, and that they had no catch, or, rather, a bad hang over it, and were short in the water. The other three were all longer in the water

that if such a thing occurred again he should consider it the fault of oarsmanship and not a bona-fide accident. Yet it is certain that every one, in view of the way the race eventually turned out, would have been greatly disappointed had Wisconsin by such a mishap been thrown out of the race at the very start.

The second false start was also peculiar. The referee had asked each crew in turn if they were ready, and each coxswain, Columbia included, had replied "Yes." He then called out the words, "Are you all ready?" and almost instantly fired the pistol, Columbia calling out and throwing up their hands just as the pistol was discharged. This necessitated one more recall, so that the crews did not finally get off until the third pistol shot.

The race, with the peculiar accidents at the start and the extraordinary finish of one of the boats over behind all the yachts, almost out of sight of the finish judges, and finally with its remarkable closeness, will stand out as unequalled for many a day. Those who witnessed it will many a time make a boast of their presence there before another race can eclipse it.

It once more demonstrated conclusively, as has been demonstrated on occasions before, that while there may be but one right way to row in the view of many coaches, there is certainly more than one way to row fast, and the character of the crew is a prime factor in the results on race day.

The stroke that keeps the oars the longest time in the water and the shortest time in the air is perhaps the crudest way of describing the winning stroke, as the result of twenty years' experience would show. But, when it comes to refining the thing beyond certain limits, and consigning to oblivion crews that row together because they do not make a certain motion at exactly a certain time, that is folly, and will always call to mind such victories as that of the Shō-wan-cac-mettes, and others won in spite of adverse criticism.

WALTER CAMP.

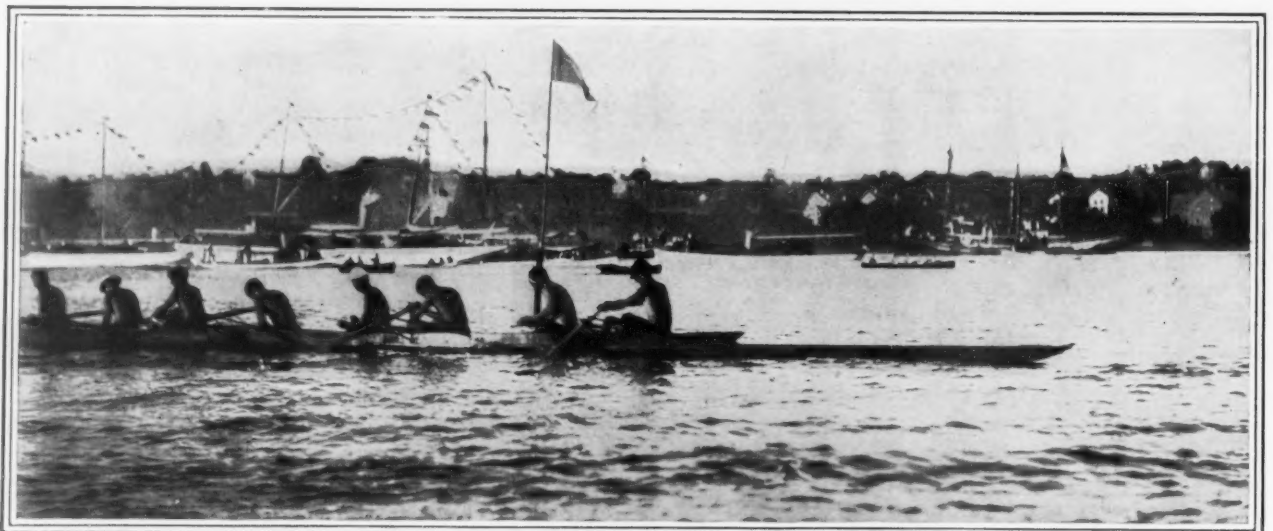
PICTURES OF THE YALE-HARVARD RACE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER ON PAGE 22



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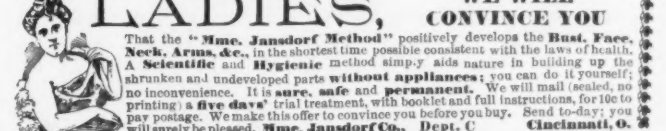
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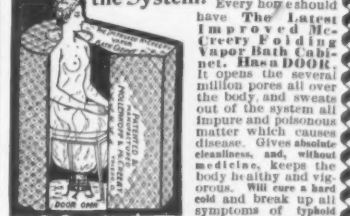
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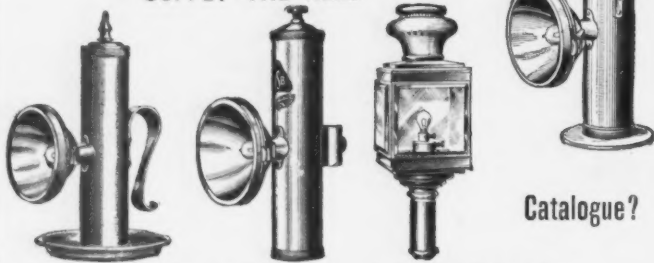
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